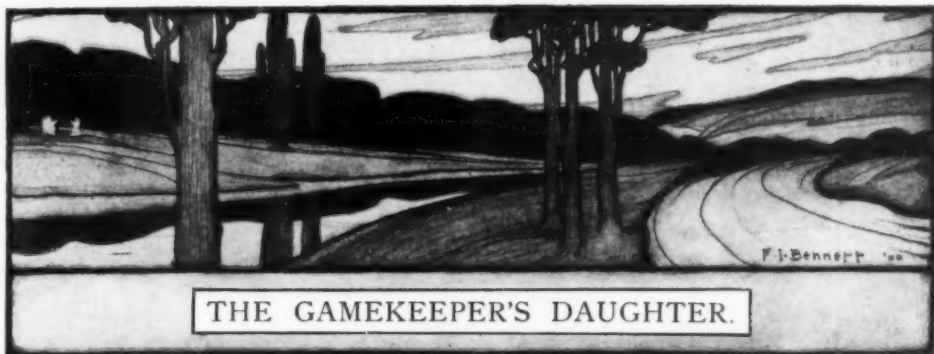


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THE GAMEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

By J. M. GLEESON.

My face and hands were cooling in the limpid brook; its babbling music filled me with delight. A little gray rabbit hopped out of the dense bracken and sat straight up to look wide-eyed at me. Gray, wet clouds were driving from time to time across the face of the purple hills, but the sun shone strong in the deep valley, where the little air that was stirring was moist and warm.

I had been tramping through County Wicklow, Ireland, and as the miles reeled off, the world seemed very lovely. All the time the mischievous clear brook that kept the winding road company sang soft or rippling songs to me until at last I hearkened and was brought down; and, stretching myself at full length upon the bank, crushing the dark, thick green grass, I dipped my face in the brook, and cooled my wrists, and drank deeply of its sweet waters. And then it was that she came—the game-

keeper's daughter.* How I had thrilled in the old boyhood days as I read of little Fritz, the forester's son, fowling-piece on shoulder and game-bag at his side! and how my spirit had flown out of the window of the ugly little school-room, to wander with him through the dark forests where his father guarded the deer and wild boar for his princely master! And later, when the little school-house grew misty in the dim past, the forester's daughter, rosy of cheek and blithe of heart, took the place of little Fritz in my reading. I imagined her by the door of her father's white-washed, green-embowered cottage, one hand bent above her eyes as she scanned the wooded heights and listened for the deep music of the hounds, or as she stood among the foam-flecked horses, the dogs romping about her as she refreshed the tired hunters with great draughts of home-brewed ale. But in the fierce struggle of after

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life all this had been put away from my thoughts and was forgotten like the childhood times of hobgoblins or steel-clad knights.

And so it happened that as I lounged by the brookside and heard a voice, not unmusical, calling across the open, I started at the sound, sprang up and saw her, just as long years ago I had seen her in imagination—rosy of cheek and blithe of heart, a halo of fair hair about her head, a huge dish held at her side from which she dealt out food to great fat white ducks and monster gilded cocks and black-and-silver hens. And then, no less wonderful, there stepped out of the tall bracken a lovely creature with dappled coat and gentle, soft eyes—a Japanese hind, which, all unafraid, trotted up and nuzzled at the dish, and begged prettily for a share of the golden grain. And a gust of wind came down from the fir-clad hills, bending the tall grass before the gamekeeper's daughter and rippling the yellow halo of her head.

And there appeared, silent as ghosts, a herd of fallow deer on the edge of the deep-shadowed woods: splendid young bucks with horns still in velvet, soft and large; timid does watching warily, one eye on the little long-limbed fawns. And the sun, filtering through the green leaves, touched here and there the tawny, spotted coats, turning them to gold. And presently two stags, proud of their newly grown antlers, stepped out from the herd into the sunlight, and approached with queer stiff-legged little steps, now holding the head high in royal pose, then lowering it with pointed muzzle and ears thrown forward, and always ready to spring away on the instant to the safety of the shadows and the company of the herd.

And I saw all this and knew that it was not a dream, although it was as I had dreamed it long ago. And I felt that for those who could and would perceive, the world was never more beautiful, and all the dreams come true if only we would but open our eyes and see.

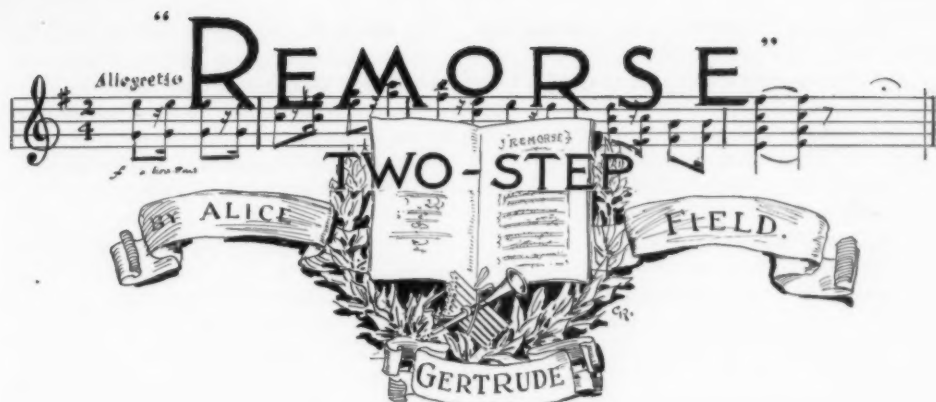


A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

I KNOW a well-bred little boy who never says "I can't";
He never says "Don't want to," or "You 've got to," or "You sha'n't";
He never says "I 'll tell mama!" or calls his playmates "mean."
A lad more careful of his speech I 'm sure was never seen!

He 's never ungrammatical—he never mentions "ain't";
A single word of slang from him would make his mother faint!
And now I 'll tell you why it is (lest this should seem absurd):
He 's now exactly six months old, and cannot speak a word!

Hannah G. Fernald.



"Oh, Dorothy!" called Jim, from his room.

But above the clash of the duelists' rapiers on her page Dorothy was not able to hear, and she only crammed the book deeper into the cushions of the lounge and said, "Oo-oo-oo!" in a shiver of excitement.

Presently he called again: "Dearest cousin!"

Her eyes brightened as she whipped over a page.

Another pause, and then Jim stuck his head out of his door and looked down upon her where she sat curled on the hall floor, her elbows digging into the seat of the lounge and her fingers running madly through her pompadour. "Dot!" he exploded.

"He's killed him! he's killed him! he's dead!" cried Dorothy, in a rapture of innocent glee.

"He's not, either. He comes to life in the next chapter and behaves like kymo," said the superior Jim.

"Don't tell me — don't! Oh, you mean thing! Well, what is it you want?" This last because her cousin had quietly taken the book from her and was now sitting on it.

"D' you chance to remember how much we paid for Grace's birthday present?"

"Four dollars."

"Really? How nice! 'Picture for G., four dollars.'" He began to scribble in a sad-looking little account-book, but paused at Dorothy's objection: "You did n't pay four. I paid my half."

"Oh! that's so. Too bad. Four dollars

would be a fine starter. See here, Dot, dad has called for my month's accounts and I'm straightening 'em out. You'll help a fellow?"

"Oh, yes." Dorothy was very amiable so long as her book served as throne for Jim. "How much out are you?"

"How much?" This with some impatience.

"Yes. What do you have to account for?"

"My month's allowance, I told you!"

"But I mean — here, read me what you've written."

Jim, plainly annoyed at her stupidity, held the book aloft and read in a teasing tone, "'Picture for G., two dollars,'" then stopped and looked quizzically at her over the top of the book.

"Jim, I should think you'd make up your mind to keep track as you go along."

"So I did."

"You did?"

"Certainly. Did that very thing. Had the usual scene with dad, came upstairs, sat down at my desk, made a good resolution that *this* time I would put down every blessed thing as I bought it, swelled with self-esteem, chucked the book into the back corner of my desk, and never thought another word about it from that day to this. Was ever a fellow so put upon? There I was, with the best intentions in the world, and, as you see," — he threw out his hands, — "balked on every side!"

"You old goose! And can't you remember a thing?"

"Yes," he replied after thinking a moment.

"Yesterday I bought a postal card, and the day before some banjo strings."

"Put them down quick! Now try again."

"It's your turn."

"Well, there was the dance, you know."

"That's so. How much?"

"One-ninety — no, one-eighty."

"T is done. Go on."

"It's your turn."

"I'll give it to you. Please hurry." He waited with pencil uplifted and eying her closely. Each item as it fell from her lips was instantly noted in the book, and he was ready for another.

"Did n't you have your wheel mended?"

"I did. How much?"

"I don't know. Fifty, perhaps."

"Fifty. Go on."

"No—wait. I remember; it was sixty-five."

"Rectified. Sixty-five. Continue."

"And — um — um — you bought a new cleek."

"That's down. Go on."

"Some golf-balls."

"How many? How much?"

"I don't know. Don't you?"

"Yes. What else?"

"Some car-fares, probably."

"Probably. How many, should you guess?"

"Why, I have n't the faintest idea."

"Call it seventy-five. Go on."

"That tie you're wearing."

"Fifty. Go on."

"Newspapers, maybe?"

"There *must* have been. 'Papers, ten cents.' Go on."

"But, Jim, I can't think of another thing!"

An accusing silence followed, the pencil wiggling impatiently in the air. "Really, Dorothy," he complained, as she offered no further suggestions, "you must n't be so slow. Dad'll be crazy."

"I'll get *my* accounts, too!" cried Dorothy, inspired, and returned in a minute with her neat, well-kept book, with the aid of which, and by dint of much brain-racking, they finally succeeded in getting an imposing list of items. Then came the balancing, a distressing matter.

"You should have two sixty-three left. Have you got anywhere near that?" asked Dorothy.

He thrust a hand into his pocket, extracted one dime and one penny, and held them out on his palm, looking at her reproachfully.

"What! Only eleven cents? Is that all? Do we have to make up all the rest?"

"Make up! Indeed we won't, mademoiselle. We'll have to *account* for it."

"Oh!"

They went all through the list, revising prices, amending and re-amending, with occasional appeals to other authorities for greater accuracy — as when Jim flew down the back stairs to ask the cook what would be a likely price for bakers' crullers, or Dorothy maneuvered in the lower hall till she had enticed her aunt out of the library, only to demand of that astonished lady, "Quick, Aunt Mary! Did Jim buy that belt last month or this?"

"Dorothy," called the dreaded uncle from the library, "what is that boy up to? I told him to come down and show me his accounts."

"Oh, he'll be down presently, I guess," said Dorothy, and tore upstairs to report dolefully, "You got it *last* month, and uncle's in a stew for you to come down."

"Well, I'm in a stew, too!" said Jim, in a hurt tone. "Then I'm still a dollar shy, Dot. How'll I fix it?"

"Can't you think of *anything* you're in the habit of getting?"

After reflection, he timidly suggested that perhaps he'd had his skates sharpened; but as it was May, they decided not to record that expense.

"However," he cried in triumph, "I *did* lend you forty cents!"

"But I paid you!"

"Well, I must have lost some," he continued. "Yes, I'm sure of it. 'Lost, sixty cents.' There! That balances to a cent. How pleased and proud dad will be! Thank you, Dot. *Au revoir!*"

Fifteen minutes later he came running back upstairs, to find his mother on the lounge with Dorothy, and down he sat between the two with a force that was positively unpardonable.

"Would n't accept my accounts," he announced indignantly. "Wanted dates. *Dates!* Ever hear anything more unreasonable? As if I'd sit down and make up a lot of bogus dates!"

Why, 't would be *cheating*! What are you laughing at, mother?"

"Was I laughing? I did n't mean to."

"Well, *would* it be fair?"

"I suppose not."

"Of course it would n't. And he pounced on that item 'bout Dot, and said, '*Mm!*'—no, not like that—'*Gmm!*'—that 's more like it—you know the way he does—'*Gurrrum!*' So you lent Dolly forty cents? Did n't she pay you?" And I 'm such a guileless dunce I had to giggle right out, 'n' say, 'Course she did. She always does.' And then he said '*Gurrrum!*' again, like the radiators when the steam 's coming into 'em. And he fished out a bill from Bancroft's and stuck it under my nose. I thought that bill was paid ages ago! Pretty idea sending my bills to another man! Why was n't it sent to me, I 'd like to know?"

"Why, it was, Jim!" cried Dorothy of the accurate memory. "They sent it 'way back in March. Don't you remember?"

"No, I don't. Then why did n't they send it to me *again*?"

"Possibly they thought it more profitable to send it to your father," suggested Mrs. Saybrooke, mildly, and her son sniffed.

"Well, he produced that and handed it out with *such* an air. He said, 'What do you make out of *that*?' I said I could n't see that I made anything; I thought I had lost on it. He said, very impressive-like, 'No, I am the loser,' and I said, 'All the better,' and then he sailed into me. The usual oration, you know: wasteful habits—ignorance—value of money—not grudging me all I wanted—only I should n't waste it, till finally he ended by saying the only way to keep me from wasting money was not to give me any to waste, and *I could n't have any allowance at all this month!* Now!"

"Whew!" said his listeners.

"I almost hated dad for that!"—with a vengeful click of his teeth.

"Oh, no, you did n't, Jim!" his mother protested, turning to look at her son.

He considered. "Well, no; no, I did n't hate him; but," with sudden animation, "I wish I *had* hated him!"

"But I 'll fix him," he prophesied direfully.

"You 'll see!" After prolonged mental search for a means of bothering his father, he struck his knee in a rapture. "I 've got it! I 'll behave! How that *will* faze him!" And he retired happily to bed, hugging to his bosom the thought of his sinister revenge.

For a time his plan worked beautifully, and Mr. Saybrooke, coming out of his room the following morning, was startled and gratified to have his neck caught in a strangling if affectionate clasp while a jovial voice sang, "Hello, old blessing!" in his ear. Before leaving for his business the stern father had proffered a handful of car tickets, and in the course of the next few days the culprit's mother employed him on various odd tasks and errands, these little expedients saving him from absolute penury, although living was nevertheless a serious problem. Still the stricken one waked with an incipient grin trembling on his mouth, went to bed with a giggle, and was all through the day "the sweetest little being ever walked on two legs," as he confidentially informed his cousin, adding that he could "feel the improvement sticking out all over him like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

But Jim was human—very—and this docility could not last. One evening the exasperations of his impecunious state affected the boy's temper; he found relief in waxing riotous, and a paternal summons was quite disregarded as Jim raced noisily upstairs, drowning entreaties and commands in a merry catch trolled at the top of his lungs.

Mr. Saybrooke followed, clutching his paper. All was quiet on the second floor, and after calling in vain the harassed gentleman flung himself into an arm-chair in the sitting-room and tried to comfort himself with the stock reports. He was half-way down the column when a far-away voice called, "*Whoop!*"

"James, come here."

A head protruded from behind a corner of a bookcase and an anxious voice inquired, "Daddy dear, did you say, 'All 's out 's in free?'"

"I said, 'Touch home for Jim Saybrooke.' Come out here."

He came, finger in mouth and dragging a reluctant foot. "Am I 'it'?"

"You are. Does n't your conscience prick, old man?"

"No sir; it claws."

"It does, does it? Good enough! Go to your room and let it claw—no; go up to the loft and wait for me. Now, march!"

Click! went Jim's heels, up flew his hand in a military salute, and as he about-faced and marched off his father called after him, laughing, "Remember, now! just give yourself up to remorse."

As Jim passed out of the door he was unaffectedly sorry for his misbehavior, and grieved that he had not consistently carried out his scheme of revenge. When he reached the stair-foot he was grieving that his evening must be wasted, and as he opened the door of the loft, or club-room which was the property of Dorothy, himself, and six kindred spirits, he was already planning what he would do when released.

But in the meantime he must find some occupation, and having lighted the lamp, he cast a searching eye about the big, oddly decorated room. What were those sheets of paper scattered on the piano? Why, surely, that two-step he was composing! He bore down upon the papers, gathered them together, and, putting on the soft pedal, played his composition over with increasing satisfaction. It was better than he had supposed. That place that had n't pleased him before—well, it was n't quite right, but he seemed almost to hear how it should go. Let's see, now. The sheets of scribbled music were disregarded, and Jim's fingers wandered experimentally over the keys. Gradually, bit by bit, the thing came to him until he almost—not quite—wait—no—ah, good! and with a little squeal of triumph the inspiration came, and he bent over the keys delightedly, pounding out the desired chords. That was good—that *certainly* was good. He pounced on his score, smudging out the old notes and writing in the new. Those bars were repeated farther on; he looked for the place and made his correction. Now! He'd play the whole thing over. He did, looking happier every minute. "Hooray! That sounds O.K.! I believe that's not half bad!" he cried, flinging ten gifted fingers in the air; and then, forgetting caution, he pressed the loud pedal and sailed into his two-

step so vigorously that the room rang with the lively air. The last chords sounded with a superb crash, and, with his hands still resting on the keys, he drew a long, happy sigh.

"James," said a quiet voice.

If Mr. Saybrooke wished to startle his son, he must have been satisfied with the jump that young gentleman gave. Recovering himself, "Did you hear my two-step, dad?" he inquired excitedly, adding, "I did n't hear *yours*!"

"I am not deaf," said dad, with crushing literalness.

Jim smiled. "Let me play it to you again!" he begged, fingering his music longingly.

"No, I thank you. James, do you happen to remember why I sent you up here?"

"Yes," said Jim, leaving the piano and walking toward his father. "I was bad. That was why."

"What did I tell you to do?"

"You said I was to give myself up to remorse." He attempted to get his hands on those broad, unbending shoulders, but without success.

"And this is the way you do it?"

Jim hesitated a minute, looking from his father's severe face toward the piano and back again. Then he suddenly fled to his seat, caught up his stubby little pencil, and drove it wildly across the top of the first sheet of music. Gathering the crumpled pages together, he rose and presented them to his parent with a polite bow. Glancing down, Mr. Saybrooke read in great black letters:

REMORSE
TWO-STEP

"I am glad to know," he said, "that you obey me so literally. Now please go to bed."

The boy obeyed. The father's unusually stern manner prevented his asking for his two-step back, though he looked at it, tightly rolled in Mr. Saybrooke's hand, with infinite wistfulness. "P'raps he'll give it to me in the morning," he thought hopefully, saying good night in the hall. In the morning Mr. Saybrooke seemed not to know that such things as two-steps existed; and oh, crowning anguish,

though he searched into the most remote corners of his brain and nearly demolished the piano, Jim *could* not recall that particular little strain without which his whole composition was as naught.

Time passes, even for the poverty-stricken, and at last only one week remained before allowance-time. But *such* a week! A ball-game, a Dutch-treat lawn dance, and a concert, not one of which Jim felt that he could miss, and yet he had funds for only one half of one! He was thinking mournfully of these facts, one evening when he strolled in to dinner, and was pretty silent, till his father came in a few minutes later and handed him a roll of music, with the explanation, "I was passing Damon's to-day, and noticed that they had some new music in the window, so I brought you home a bunch of jigs, kid." Pleasant things do sometimes happen, it seemed, even to persons who had to economize, and the "kid" brightened, accepted his jigs gratefully, with a hearty "Thank you, dad!" and glanced them over, trying the opening bars in a repressed whistle, unproved by his mother.

"That last march of Norton's," he murmured. "Glad to have that — good as any he's written. I think. Hello! here's something that'll just suit you, Dot. A song of De Camp's, all about apple-blossoms and sunshine and fat little girls with dimples. No, I don't mean anything personal. Don't get mad. I like the looks of it, myself. What's this? Oh, *dad!* you know I loathe that thing. I shall take it back and exchange it for

something good, you old smarty. Well, let's see how this goes. . . . Humph! Why — WHAT!"

He had whistled the first bars, looked puzzled, glanced at the title, and then given a yell of astonishment.

Like lightning he slapped over the page and stared at the gorgeous red-and-black cover. No,



"HAD TO OWN UP THAT IT WAS N'T ANYBODY BUT BAD LITTLE JIMMY!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

there was no mistake. Dorothy, peeking over his shoulder, read in a megaphone voice:

REMORSE, *Two-step.*

BY

J. C. SAYBROOKE.

"What is it? What J. C. Saybrooke? *You* did n't write it?" demanded his mother. But

Jim, after hopping up and giving one little prance of delight, rolled the music into a speaking-tube and telephoned across the table in hollow tones:

"Dad! Explain!"

The young composer's cheeks were about as pink and his eyes as bright as they well could be; but when his father placed a check on the waitress's tray and ceremoniously directed, "Take it to Mr. James," he became a little more bewildered and enraptured than before.

"*Thir—ty—five!*" he said in hushed accents. "Dad, you've *got* to tell what it's all about."

Thus coerced, Mr. Saybrooke produced a letter and handed it to his wife, who mercifully relieved the curiosity of the family by reading aloud at once:

H. BROUGHTON,
Music Publisher.

May 9, —.

MY DEAR MR. SAYBROOKE: Yours of the 8th inst. received, and I hasten to assure you that I have not forgotten your name, your face, nor your old-time characteristic of being ever anxious to help out the under dog. In this last particular your letter proves that you can have changed little since the days of Sheldon School. Glad as I should be to do an old school-mate a favor, it is entirely contrary to my custom to buy and publish any inferior music, for reasons of personal interest; therefore when I tell you that I will print the two-step you forwarded you will understand that it is solely on the merits of the composition itself that it is accepted. It has a swing and spirit that will make it popular, I believe, and is, moreover, distinctly original. Your young protégé has talent and should cultivate it. But why the singular title? I presume you have no objection to the substitution of one more suitable. If you will let me know the name of the composer I will at once forward

the payment and bring out the two-step. Believe me, dear sir, heartily glad to be able to oblige an old friend.
Cordially,

HERBERT BROUGHTON.

Only Jim seemed unimpressed by this surprising epistle; and he tore around the table to his somewhat embarrassed parent. "And then daddy had to own up!" he chuckled, strangling his sire with the right arm. "Had to own up that it was n't anybody but bad little Jimmy, that he was the needy young 'composer,'—change to the left arm,—and that the only reason Jimmy was needy was that his daddy had cabbaged his pennies," hugging with both arms now. "Say, I can go to the concert and the ball-game and the dance *too*, can't I? Hooray! Great Caesar! I can't decide whether to sit down and eat, or go and play you 'Remorse'—I'm so glad you did n't let him change the name!"

They finally persuaded him that eating was the thing to do; but in the first wait between courses he hid himself to the music-room and gave them "Remorse" in his very best manner. When he returned, Dorothy, who was n't musical but had some little skill with her pen, was declaring, "It would make a lovely moral tale. I mean to write it up and see if I can't earn thirty-five dollars."

"So it would," said her aunt, encouragingly. "You'd better try it, dear."

But Jim, with a saucy but fond glance at his father, murmured, "The moral is all right, dad. I'm going to save most of this money, and I'll keep account of every penny of it!"





A MAY-TIME PORTRAIT.



HANNIBAL. THE LION PRESENTED BY MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE TO THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

HANNIBAL INTERVIEWED.

I AM "Hannibal," of Cage No. 1 in the lion-house, New York Zoölogical Park. In choosing "Sultan" and me as the chief attractions of this collection of lions, tigers, leopards, jaguars, chetahs, and pumas, the Zoölogical Society has done well. I am the gift of one of the greatest living givers of good things, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, a king in his own right, with a crown of good deeds.

This is my picture; and Sultan is the only lion who says it flatters me. As you see, this ruff of tawny yellow-and-brown hair framing my face is fifteen inches wide; and the heavy fringe along my sides, and my huge tail-tuft, are such as are given—in my country—only to kings of my race. Yes, I know Sultan is a little larger than I am, and some of the artists praise his form; but the real glory of a lion is his hair.

Yes, I am glad at last to be really settled in life. My days in fear of the hunters' rifles, and my long journeys in small, dark cages in bad-smelling ships are now over. I like this place

immensely, and will travel no more. This floor of maple wood, these walls of jungle-green tiling, and that frieze of desert-and-palm tiling are very much to my mind. The sleeping-dens are a trifle cool, but the Zoo people say my lungs will be all the better for that. The steps to the balcony are so high it is laborious to climb them, but the view from the gallery above is worth the effort.

My mate, "Cleopatra," is very handsome, and is very sweet-tempered—for a lioness.

Am I appreciated here? Dear me, yes. Half the visitors ask for me, and all of them admire me. Even a lion likes to be appreciated. Many times a day I roar my complaints to the People in Front, and when Sultan, Cleopatra, and Bedouin Maid join me, the whole building trembles and everybody stops to listen. This is the best building to roar in that I ever tried. A good roar every half-hour or so keeps a lion from getting lonesome; but men who try it for amusement generally get into trouble.

SPRING IN THE VALLEY.

BY MARY AUSTIN.

WHEN the catkin 's on the willow
And the tassel on the birch,
The wild bees from the hiving rocks
Begin their honey search.

Brown wings among the browner grass
And breast all brightening yellow—
Pipes up from meadows as we pass
The lark's call, clear and mellow;
Now wakes the burnished dragonfly
Beside the glinting river,
That shakes with silent laughter where
The iris banners quiver;
Now on the budding poplar boughs
The tuneful blackbirds perch:

For the catkin 's on the willow
And the tassel on the birch.

Now stalks the solemn crow behind
The farmer in the furrow;
The downy owl comes out at dusk
And hoots beside his burrow.
Now blows a balmy breath at morn
To call men to the sowing;
Now all the waterways are full,
And all the pastures growing;
Now truant anglers drop a line
To catfish and to perch:
For the catkin 's on the willow
And the tassel on the birch.

MOVING DAY IN THE WOODS.



LANDLADY: YES; WE HAVE A COUPLE OF NICE LIGHT ROOMS ON THE THIRD FLOOR.
MRS. WOODCHUCK: HAVE N'T YOU ANYTHING IN THE BASEMENT? MY HUSBAND IS AFRAID
OF FIRE AND WILL NOT GO UP SO HIGH.

"DICK," THE SEA-GULL.

By P. J. M.

OUT in the ocean, about four miles off the shore of Rhode Island and just south of Narragansett Bay, is anchored Brenton's Reef Lightship. Some thirty-two years ago the lonely watchers on the ship had their attention attracted by a sea-gull that so far put aside his wild nature as to swim close to the vessel in search of food. The friendliness and the trustfulness of the bird immediately won the hearts of the keepers, and soon he was supplied with

all the food he wanted. Not only this but every day, without a break, the bird, which by this time the men had named "Dick," came back, and just as regularly was he supplied. This soon grew into a habit; and the preparation of Dick's allowance became one of the cook's fixed duties.

There would have been nothing very remarkable in a wild sea-fowl following an instinct that led it to repeat a search for food so

regularly and so bountifully successful, were it not for its later history. One day near the 1st of the first April following Dick's appearance at the light-ship, he was missed, and was not seen again until about the 1st of the next October, when the same programme of daily feeding was resumed and kept up as during the previous year. Then, as the 1st of April drew near, Dick would again take himself off to his summer home, wherever that might be, only faithfully to return with the following October.

This repeated going and coming, with the constant round of daily feeding, was kept up for *twenty-four consecutive years*; and Captain Edward Fogarty, in charge of the light-ship, writes to us that the last seen of the old fellow was in April, 1895, when, according to his custom, he left for his summer vacation, but, for the first time in twenty-four years, failed to return the next October.

What became of him no one knows. His great age may have so enfeebled him that he was unequal to the long flight to and from his unknown summer home. He may have chosen to stay there, or he may have died of old age.

It was noticed by the ship's keepers that during his last visit Dick plainly showed the effects of his increasing years, and that he was no longer able to hold his own with the other gulls in maintaining his exclusive right to the bounty thrown out from the light-ship.

The Smithsonian Institution knew the history of Dick's visits, and was desirous of obtaining his remains when he died; but, while it is possible that in his later life he might have been captured and forced to end his days on shipboard, there was not one on board the light-ship so false as to make the attempt or to permit it in others.

The reports of Dick's arrival and departure were faithfully recorded by the captain in his ship's records as if they were an important item of marine news; and in the neighborhood of Newport, at least, he was as well known a character as any pet elephant or monkey within the safe confines of a zoölogical garden is to the girls and boys in the cities. Dick's cage and playground was the whole Atlantic Ocean, if he had wished, but he was faithful to the friends whom he had always found faithful to him.



DICK LEAVING THE BRENTON'S REEF LIGHT-SHIP.

In Chaucer's Youth.



ON a fresh, sweet morning of May, in 1359, a gay company of lords and ladies might have been seen cantering out of the little English town of Reading. Their merry chatter and laughter mingled musically with the bird-notes that tinkled through the morning air; and the brilliant coloring of their attire seemed to vie with the glory of the early sunbeams and the dewy, flowery meadows along the way. One might readily know this was a royal party, for the warlike figure at the head was unmistakably that of King Edward III. Close beside him rode the Black Prince on his black charger. Following them rode the Queen and her ladies; Prince John and his pretty girl-bride, Blanche; Prince Lionel and Elizabeth; and the two young princes, Edmund of Langley and Thomas of Woodstock. After these came a score or two of attendants — knights and ladies, squires and pages.

Conspicuous among the latter was Elizabeth's young favorite, Geoffrey Chaucer, who in later life became one of the greatest of England's poets.

Evidently he was the favorite of others besides the countess; for, as he cantered along on his sleek little palfrey in the midst of his companions, he was telling them tale after tale, and constantly provoking bursts of laughter by his quaint jokes and gestures. Now and then he fell behind, and, riding close to the hedges that bordered the road on either side, plucked a blossom or two to toss into the lap of some

smiling maiden; or, growing more bold, he plaited for his fair mistress a tiny wreath of daisies, to him the dearest, daintiest flowers of the field. More than once, too, he was summoned to the side of Prince John, whom he had met at Hatfield the previous year, and who, always a friend to the boy, was afterward the best patron of the poet.

Even without the entertainment that Chaucer furnished, the whole party had cause to be merry. Only the day before, the Sabbath bells had called them to the Benedictine Abbey of Reading to witness the wedding of Prince John and Blanche, Duchess of Lancaster; and now they were hastening to London to spend the week in public games and all sorts of merry-making at court.

The pleasure of anticipation rang in their voices as they talked of the feasting and dancing in prospect, and in every group there was a ripple of new enthusiasm when one mentioned the festivities of Thursday. On that day there was to be famous jousting. Heralds had proclaimed throughout the country for miles around that a tournament would be held, in which the Mayor of London, with the sheriffs and aldermen, would undertake to hold the field against all brave knights who might accept the challenge.

This was the event of the week, not only to the pleasure-loving nobility, but to the city and country folk as well. Everywhere were signs of preparation for the coming holiday. In the



towns through which the highroad ran, and in the streets of London, were displayed the colors and emblems of favorite knights, or the arms of the city of London, according to the sympathies of the people.

At the castle on the morning of the gala-day all was bustle and excitement, and at an early hour the train of courtiers and ladies was on the road again, considerably larger and no less merry than before. Bustle and excitement reigned, too, in the streets of the surrendered city as they passed through. On all sides were people on foot and people on horseback,—“people poore and people riche,” as Chaucer remarked,—all of them in exuberant spirits, and all going one way.

Not far outside the city the royal party came to the place where the lists had been prepared for the jousting. It was then a “fair large place” called Crownfield, but is now known as Cheapside. Here they found a host of eager spectators already in their places—a motley crowd of villagers and city people in the lower tiers of seats, and above them the gentry and the lesser nobility, filling the galleries to overflowing. In the middle of one side was a covered balcony hung with purple and white, the colors of the royal bridal party. Hither the ladies and guests of the court were conducted, amid the enthusiastic greetings of the assemblage, which rang out again and more cheerily than ever when Lady Blanche took her place on the daintily cushioned throne prepared for the Queen of Love and Beauty. The childish

sweetness of her face was dignified by her crown of pearls and amethysts; and her fair hair fell in long plaits adown her robe of royal purple bordered with ermine and gleaming silver. On the front of her pure white gown of sendal was brodered the crest of her husband, Prince John. Around her sat the ladies of the court, and her father, Henry of Lancaster, with King John of France, and many of his nobles, Edward’s prisoners at Poitiers.

A splendid sight met their eyes as they glanced around the vast inclosure. Over the rough framework of the galleries hung rich tapestries of many hues, forming a background for the banners of the contending knights. The peasantry and gentry wore colors and shades as varied as their rank; while the lustrous crimsons and blues of the velvet gowns of the nobility were relieved by the spotless white and the heavy gold trimmings of the ladies’ coverchiefs. Below in the lists were sergeants-at-arms “prikng up and down” to keep order in the eager crowds; and heralds stood ready to announce the beginning of the contest.

“Daughter,” said Duke Henry, after a few minutes’ enjoyment of the scene, fascinating though familiar as it was, “methinks the people waxeth impatient of our delay.”

Lady Blanche signaled to the heralds with her slender scepter, the trumpets sounded merrily, and the gates at either end of the lists were thrown open. Twenty-four knights, well mounted and armor-clad, entered through each





"SUDDENLY A PAGE DASHED TO HIS SIDE AND PRESSED A FRESH BLADE INTO HIS HAND."

gateway in double rank. They advanced slowly into the ring to allow their squires and pages to find place behind them. The excitement was visibly increasing throughout the rows of spectators. In the balcony it was no less intense.

"By my halidom!" exclaimed King John of France, looking where the shields bearing the arms of the city of London showed the position of the mayor and his staff, "they are a warlike company! Those young knights, whoever they be, must bear themselves well if they would win."

The contestants were now drawn up ready for the fray. On one side were the mayor and the four sheriffs, protected on the flanks by seven of the aldermen, and in the rear by the remaining twelve. On the opposite side were the twenty-four knights who had first presented themselves in answer to the challenge of the mayor, each one eager to show his prowess before the lady whose scarf he wore.

A second time the trumpets sounded, and the heralds proclaimed the rules of the tourney. The weapons allowed were the lance and the sword, the latter to be used only to strike, not to thrust. A knight unhorsed or forced back to his own end of the lists was considered vanquished. A conquering knight might be forced to face two or three assailants at a time, but in that case a second sword would be allowed him.

Again the trumpets rang out "loude and clarioun," and the heralds cried, "Do now your *devoir*!" Instantly the front ranks met with a tremendous shock in the center of the lists. The people gazed breathlessly at the dust-enveloped mass to distinguish the victors.

"The mayor conquers!" shouted many voices, as his opponent was seen to be unhorsed and declared vanquished. Several other knights were rolling in the dust under their horses' feet. Reinforcements from the second ranks were joining in the strife, but the victory was plainly with the mayor's side before the heralds' "Ho!" recalled the knights to their places.

In the second and third encounters the sheriff, whose place was at the mayor's left, was easily the victor, as again and again he drove an enemy back, back to the opposite gate. The

interest of the spectators was centered on him, and prophecies of yet another victory were made.

In the fourth encounter, however, he lost his lance and was obliged to draw his sword. Now he was gaining ground again, when two knights came to the aid of his opponent. For a few moments longer the young sheriff held his own bravely, wheeling his horse around, striking now here, now there, and parrying the blows of his assailants with consummate skill. But by an unlucky stroke his steel snapped. He was lost! Already his antagonists were forcing him back and demanding surrender. Suddenly a page dashed to his side, pressed a fresh blade into his hand, and swiftly withdrew. With renewed vigor the sheriff defended himself. The outcome of the contest was very doubtful. Then all at once victory was assured when by a few masterful strokes he scattered his enemies and stood alone, the conqueror of the day.

"The voice of peple touchede the hevене" as all recognized his prowess. Amid cheers and confused shouts of "Largesse! Largesse!" and the blare of trumpets, the heralds led him to the foot of the balcony, where the Queen of the Tourney stood ready to give him the victor's crown. The ceremony was interrupted by cries of "Unmask! unhelm him!" The sheriff obeyed the demands of the people, removed his helmet, and revealed—the face of Prince John of Gaunt! Before the lusty cheers that greeted him had begun to subside, the mayor and his comrades entered the lists again, and, saluting the Queen, uncovered their heads. The mayor was transformed into King Edward, the three remaining sheriffs into the elder princes, and the aldermen into well-known lords.

Cheer after cheer arose, and mingled with shouts of "God save such a king!" were heard cries of "The page!" "Bring out the page!" And, with slow step and downcast eyes, Geoffrey Chaucer was led before the throne.

That night, while the stars blinked sleepily before the brightness of the perfect moon, young Chaucer stood long by his open window. His mind's eyes were looking far into the future, when he should be in the wars—perhaps a squire of the King himself; for that evening had seen him made squire to Prince Lionel, and a firmer friend than ever to Prince John.



DAME QUIGLEY'S GLASS.

BY EVA L. OGDEN.

*See-saw, Margery Dawe
Sold her bed and slept on straw,
Sold the straw and slept on grass,
To buy herself a looking-glass!*

MARGERV darling, Margery Dawe,
What was it you thought or dreamed you saw
In that quaint old, worn old looking-glass,
That you gave up your couch and slept on the grass,
To purchase that ancient looking-glass?

Was it set with diamonds, or rubies, or pearls,
That the fairest of all the Puritan girls
Sold her great four-poster hung with chintz
(Never such goods before or since!)
Only to buy that queer old glass
And watch her shadow across it pass?

Nay; this is the legend that floated to me
From a little old town at the edge of the sea;
With it a handful of fragrant grass
And the empty frame of a looking-glass.

Massive and stern, hard-featured and brown,
Dame Quigley dwelt in the old shore town.
Her back was broad, and her will was strong;
Not even the judge dared do her wrong!

One day the town burned witches ten,
And when it was over, went women and men
To their darkened homes with one accord,
Marveling much at the ways of the Lord.



Dame Quigley sat in her own south door
As the long procession wound up from the shore.
About her the fragrant, blossoming grass,
At her feet an ancient looking-glass,
She sat in the sun to watch them pass.

And she mocked them bitterly, crying: "Come see
Yourselves as ye look to the Lord and me!
In the still, strange depths of this mirror old
Naught but the truth may any behold.

"If a man lead the life that a man should lead,
True and just to his neighbor in word and deed,
His face shall look back, his form shall pass
Over this searching looking-glass.



"But cruel and unjust let him be,
No sign of face or form shall he see;
Sunlit sky and wave-green grass
Are all that will show in the looking-glass!
Burners of women, behold and see!
Ye are naught, ye are naught to the Lord and me!"

Squire and parson, clerk and judge,
Dame of degree and household drudge,
They who prated of doing the Lord's good will,
And yet could be cruel and unjust still,

With scornful mien, or with angry eye,
Gazed each in the mirror as each passed by.—
Sunlit sky and blossoming grass
Were all that showed in the looking-glass!



Then the voice of the dame rose shrill and high
 As the long procession wound slowly by:
 "Ye who perverted my merciful word
 Have cast yourselves out of my world," saith the Lord."

That very night, as the sun went down,
 She shook from her feet the dust of the town;
 The judge in his gateway watched her pass,
 And she curtsied, and left him the looking-glass!

*Now this is the reason that Margery Dawe
 Gave up her couch for a bed of straw,
 Sold the straw and slept on the grass,
 To buy for her soul that looking-glass.*



THE BABY'S NAME.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

WHAT should we name our baby?

We gathered a score of books,
Consulted grandparents, uncles, and aunts,
Considered the baby's looks.

We did n't like "Zephaniah"

Or "Matthew" or "Theodore";
We looked through the family Bible,
We discussed a hundred or more.

Some were "too high-sounding,"

Others were thought "too tame";
Some did not seem "quite fitting,"
None was the "just right" name.

What should we call the baby?

We argued it, pro and con,
Till at last we reached a final choice,
And we called the baby John.



A MAY-TIME MORNING IN HOLLAND.

TRAINING FOR INTERSCHOLASTIC ATHLETICS.

(Second Article.)

By G. W. ORTON.



KRAENZLEIN, FORMER WORLD'S CHAMPION BROAD JUMPER.

MAKING HIS BEST RECORD OF 24 FEET $7\frac{3}{4}$ INCHES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA'S RELAY GAMES IN 1898.

This was a world's record at the time. Note the elevation he has attained, though he has just left the take-off.
Note also the manner in which the arms are balancing and aiding his body.

THE BROAD JUMP.

EVERY school-boy thinks that he can broad-jump, and so he can to a certain degree. But this event is one which should be gone at systematically to get the best results. The jumper should first carefully notice his stride on going up to the take-off, so that he can mark off a distance (say 25 yards back), and by stepping on this mark with one of his feet as he runs by he will be sure to strike the take-off when he comes to it. The jumper cannot be sure of getting his best efforts into his jump unless he is practically sure of hitting the take-off. After this has been acquired, the athlete can get to work. In this run the jumper's highest

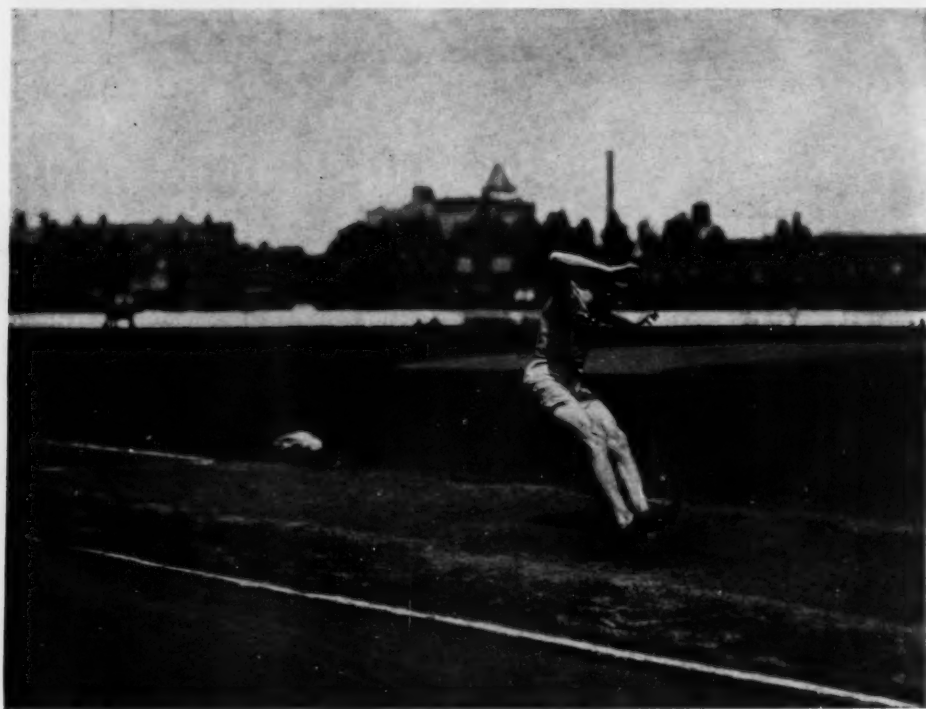
speed should be reached at about 10 or 12 feet before the take-off, so that he can gather himself for the jump. After leaving the take-off he should shoot out and up. He must have elevation or his efforts will be in vain. He should go into the air at an angle of at least 45 degrees. A good way to get this elevation is by placing a hurdle in the jumping-pit and jumping over it. The jumper should gather himself together as he goes through the air, and at the finish, just before alighting, he should force himself on by a spasmodic effort with his arms and body. The legs should also be held forward so that they will strike the ground at the farthest possible distance. Practice will show how far out the feet can be

thrown without the athlete's falling back into the pit. It must be remembered that the greater the speed the farther out the feet can be thrown with safety. A great deal of practice is necessary to become a good broad jumper, but this is an event which it is not well to practise too frequently, as it is very hard on the legs. The broad jumper will therefore not expect to get at his best during his first season.

After the jumper by long practice has acquired his form in getting the take-off and his elevation after leaving the take-off, he should not practise more than three times a week; and when he is getting into fine shape he should do his very

THE HIGH JUMP.

High jumping has made great progress during the last few years, due to a greater attention to form. "Mike" Sweeney, the holder of the world's record, and I. K. Baxter, the amateur world's champion, are the best exponents of this sport. They have both reduced high jumping to a science, and by employing their methods a jumper can get the best results. The run from the side and the simple scissors style of high jumping—throwing one foot over and then the other—have been relegated to the past. Now the best high jumpers go at the



KRAENZLEIN LANDING IN THE BROAD JUMP.

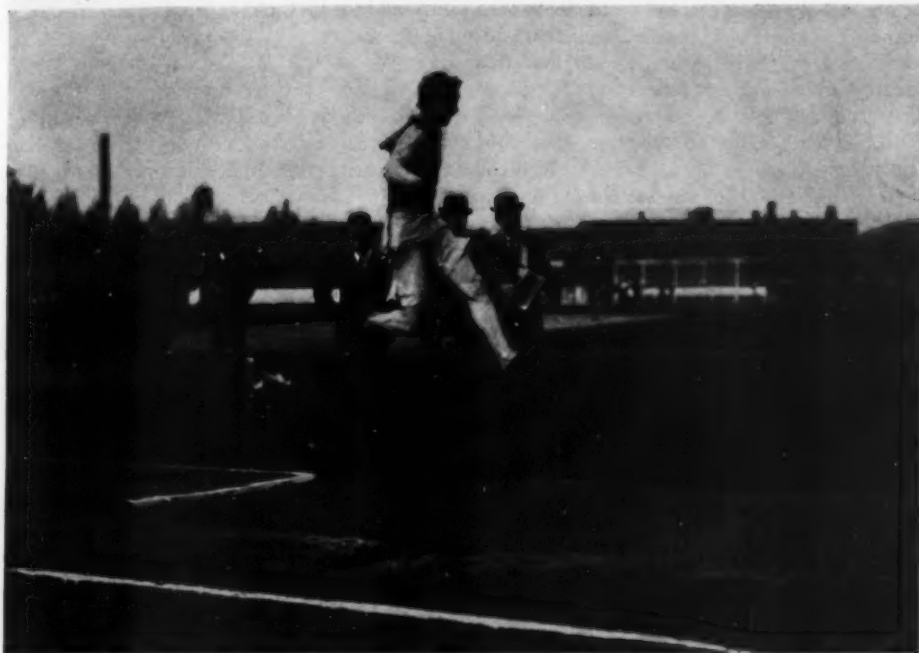
Note the way the legs are thrown out. It looks as if he would fall back into the jumping-pit, but his momentum will send him forward.

This jump was taken when Kraenzlein made his then (1898) world's record of 24 feet 7½ inches.

best but seldom, as this event is one that is liable to leave strained tendons.

The jumper should train for speed, which is a prime necessity. In addition to this he should also train regularly as a sprinter, directions for which were given last month.

bar almost directly from the front, or even directly. After leaping from the ground a half-turn is made in the air, so that when the height of the bar is reached the jumper has his side to it. When rising to the bar the forward leg is thrown high into the air to clear the bar, and



PRINSTEIN OF SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY, CHAMPION BROAD JUMPER OF AMERICA.

MAKING HIS RECORD JUMP OF 24 FEET 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ INCHES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA'S RELAY GAMES IN 1899.

Note the elevation and the manner in which the arms are used to balance the body in its flight through the air.

the shoulders are thrown back and the arms up and out to aid the rise, the other foot being kicked into the air at the same time. The result is that the body is thrown out of the way, the legs escape the bar by the scissors movement mentioned above, and the jumper generally alights with his face to the bar. This is the style of Baxter, Sweeney, Spraker, Jones, W. Bryd Page, and J. D. Windsor, the best high jumpers that we have ever had.

The object of going straight at the bar, or nearly so, is to use all the muscles in jumping from the ground, which is impossible under the old style. The young jumper should practise at a low height until he first of all masters the turn as he rises to the bar. This must be timed very nicely, or one leg or the other will hit the bar, no matter how high the body may be. The turn must be learned before anything else is done. Then the jumper can pay all attention to the swinging of the feet over the bar. If the forward foot is brought

up smartly and the other follows with a sort of jerk, the body will be thrown into the air and the height attained will be greater. After learning the first movements, namely, the turn and the scissors-like movement of the legs over the bar, the jumper should then try to get more aid from his body and arms. Baxter is the best example of this. He uses the waist or the middle of the back as a sort of fulcrum. By practice he has gained almost perfect control of his body while in the air, and he thus aids himself in getting over the bar. Baxter is the most economical jumper that we have; that is, he can clear a greater height in proportion to the natural spring in him than any other jumper: and he does this because of the manner in which he throws his feet after leaving the ground, and especially because of the great upward drive he gets through throwing the shoulders back just at the right moment.

As already has been stated, the young jumper will do well to aim at getting form

before he gets height, and with that once accomplished he will make consistent advancement. The high jumper will find that broad jumping will not benefit his high jumping, as it will give him a tendency to jump into the bar. The high jumper should be just as careful about his take-off as the broad jumper, and a little watchfulness will soon show him at what distance from the bar he should make his jump. The young jumper will

they all go at the bar almost directly from the front.

THE POLE VAULT.

LOOKING back on H. H. Baxter's record of 11 feet 5 inches, made nearly fifteen years ago, and remembering that the present world's record by Clapp is only 5½ inches higher, one might suppose that American athletes have stood still as far as this event is concerned; but

a close investigation would reveal quite the reverse. In H. H. Baxter's time (by the way, he is no relation to the Baxter of the present day) the pole-vaulter was allowed to move the upper hand on the pole. This was a great advantage, even though it did not degenerate into climbing the pole, and this style is at least 6 inches higher than the present style, in which the upper hand must not move. Thus Clapp's present record is much better than it appears. Also, there are now many men who can do close to 11 feet, indicating that a high standard of excellence has been attained.

The first thing that the young vaulter has to learn is to get his take-off so that he can pay all his attention to getting over the bar. After getting his distance, or while he is learning this, he should learn how to leave the



I. K. BAXTER, WORLD'S CHAMPION HIGH JUMPER.
JUST CLEARING THE BAR. RECORD 6 FEET 3¾ INCHES.

This picture illustrates the great part which the body takes in high jumping. By throwing his body into the position seen in the illustration, he has brought up his left foot. Now, by a swing down and out of the left arm, a kick upward with the right leg and an upward heave of the shoulders, his body will clear the bar.

also have to find out for himself at just what angle to the bar he should approach it in order to clear it most easily. This angle varies with the jumpers mentioned above; but practically

ground. After planting his pole firmly, the vaulter should spring into the air, guiding his body by means of his arms and the pole. The legs should be shot up into the air so that



I. K. BAXTER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

CLEARING 6 FEET 3 INCHES AT THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIPS IN 1900.

Note the movement of the first leg over the bar and the great control of his body that Baxter has through his arms and legs.

they will clear the bar, and so that they can be used as a sort of fulcrum to get the chest out of the way of the bar. When going over, the body should be swung so that it faces the bar. The momentum of the run and the spring should carry the feet into the air and give the body the half-turn just noted. Just before the body gets to the bar, the arms should lift, the back straighten, the legs drop down, and the body drop over the bar. It will be found that a better lift can be obtained if the lower hand is moved up to the upper hand. This is allowed, as the rule refers to the upper hand only, and the vaulter is free to move the lower hand if he so desires. Here, again, the young athlete should be cautioned against trying for height before he learns the form. Of course, practically, it may happen that the exigencies of competition may require him to try for height on special occasions; but he should remember that if he is ever going to become a champion

he must first get the form or he will not get the best results.

The young vaulter must, in this event, get *two* take-offs, so to speak. He must get his take-off so that he will not have to worry about placing his pole for the vault. Then he will have to find out the varying heights at which he will grasp his pole in clearing the bar at different heights. This varies according to the lift that the vaulter may have, or the run or the spring into the air that he takes, and each young vaulter will have to find this out for himself. He should choose that height on the pole at which he can swing his body and legs clear up above the bar. Then, with a lift of the arms, he should be able to drop cleanly over on the other side.

The vault is somewhat of a gymnastic feat, and it requires a great deal of strength in special muscles of the arms and shoulders. It is well, therefore, for the vaulter to take special

exercise for the arms, shoulders, and back. But the two points that must be especially borne in mind are the swing of the body and

tried their strength by putting the "stane" for many hundreds of years, and it is still much practised as a sport throughout Scotland. Very many school-boys do not properly put the shot. The writer remembers being at an interscholastic meeting where not a single boy *put* the shot. They all *threw* it. In putting the shot the weight leaves the hand straight from the shoulder.

The shot-putter is allowed a seven-foot circle in which to get his run. He stands back at the farther side of the circle, and, poising with the weight in his hand, he moves up, not by stepping but by a sort of glide, keeping the one foot forward until it reaches almost to the other side of the circle. Then the putter reverses his feet, the arm holding the shot shoots forward and upward, propelled not only by the momentum gained in moving across the circle, but also by all the weight of the body, the strength of the thighs and back,



SPRAKER OF YALE, INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE CHAMPION HIGH JUMPER.

RECORD 6 FEET 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ INCHES.

He jumps on the same principle as Baxter, and the picture shows him just after clearing the bar.

legs into the air and the lift of the arms. These two movements must be nicely timed, and it will take considerable practice to get them perfect. The young athlete must remember that in this, as in other field events, form often counts for more than natural ability, and that if he is to succeed as a college or club athlete he should aim at perfection in form above all things.

THE SHOT PUT.

SHOT-PUTTING, like hammer-throwing, is one of the oldest field-sports known. The Scots have

and the power of the arm. The arm is shot straight out from the shoulder. If there is no stop from the beginning of the movement at the farther side of the circle, and if the putter has used his whole weight and strength on the reverse foot-movement, he has attained perfect form.

The great obstacle to be overcome is a tendency to stop after gliding up to the front of the circle; for if this is done the athlete might just as well put standing still. There must be continuous motion from the beginning. After the young shot-putter has mastered going from the glide to the reverse he should then pay all

his attention to seeing that in that reverse, and especially in the last drive, which is simultaneous with the shooting out of the arm, he uses the weight of his body and the strength of his legs.

The young shot-putter should, therefore, have weight behind him; and if he has mastered the form indicated above, every pound will count. This is one reason why a shot-putter can stay in competition for so long and keep his form. The heavy man generally gets heavier as he grows older, and the increase in weight makes up for the decrease in speed, so that a shot-putter may get the same distance when thirty-eight as he did at twenty-six. It is this fact that gives the young shot-putter plenty of time to master the form, and he should do this, if it takes two or three seasons. By not trying to get distance at first the young athlete will soon find himself getting the form, and then he will make much greater and much surer progress.

Both the shot-putter and the hammer-thrower should take a little general exercise for their bodies, and they should do some sprinting and running to get them fast on their feet.

THE HAMMER THROW.

No event in the athletic calendar has undergone more radical changes during the past five years than the hammer throw. Up to the advent of Flannagan, "Jim" Mitchell held the world's record. Mitchell threw with a single turn,

and his record of close to 149 feet at this style has never been approached by any hammer-thrower, with the exception of "Willy"



I. K. BAXTER.

RECORD 12 FEET.

The picture shows him just after rising to the bar and just before lifting with arms and shoulders to get the body over the bar.

Woodruff, the former Pennsylvania star. With Flannagan came the double turn, and he startled amateur weight-throwing circles by increasing the record to over 150 feet. Then in 1900 Plaw, a young man from California, came along, and with the greatest ease threw the hammer over 160 feet, using a triple turn. But Flannagan, unlike Mitchell, who was too old to adopt a new style, at once adopted the triple turn, and ever since he has kept the record ahead of the Californian. Flannagan was able to change to the triple turn so easily because in

Ireland he always threw with a triple turn; but there the circle was nine feet instead of seven, as it is in this country.

Flannagan and Plaw are therefore the models for the hammer-thrower, and there is no event which the sturdy young athlete should begin earlier than this one. By using a 12-pound hammer, the youth of moderate weight, say 150 pounds or even 10 pounds lighter, can de-

tain amount of weight and strength, but particularly a great deal of cleverness in getting the turns swiftly and with ever-increasing speed. Of course, if the heavy man can get the speed in his turns he will do all the better.

The young hammer-thrower should practise the turns until he has learned them perfectly. He will find that it is necessary to use all the circle to get in the three turns. The movement



SHELDON OF YALE, WORLD'S CHAMPION SHOT-PUTTER.

Just after the shot has left his hands. Sheldon gets his whole body into his put.

velop the style which will be the same when, later on, he gets into college or club athletics and has to use the 16-pound hammer. In the days of Mitchell weight and strength were needed in an extraordinary degree to get the best results. The newest style demands a cer-

will be easily explained to those who know how to waltz, for the turn is almost exactly that part of the waltz step which precedes the reverse. For those who do not know how to waltz the following explanation may illustrate the point. The one foot or leg should be used



DEWITT OF PRINCETON, PUTTING THE SHOT.

as a pivot, and the most of the weight should not be very fast, the second should be faster, rest on it. The thrower should revolve on this and the third should be at the greatest possible



DEWITT, INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPION HAMMER-THROWER.

Getting ready for the first turn in the hammer throw.

foot for the first turn, and repeat the motion for speed. The hammer should not be revolved the second and third. The first turn should around the head in a horizontal position, but it

should describe a turn half perpendicular, so that when it leaves the hands it will sail out and forward with a good elevation. The hammer should leave the hands cleanly and with no pull back. On the contrary, the whole weight and power of the shoulders and thighs should be put into the last effort. It will be found that when the hammer leaves the hands the thrower will not be facing the direction in which he is throwing, but that he will be three quarters facing to the rear. This will allow the athlete to get the elevation to

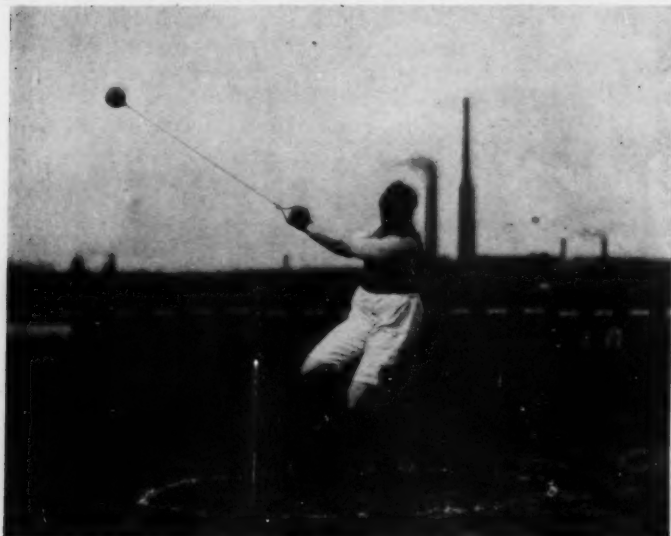
the hammer, as it will go nearly over the shoulder. But different throwers face at various angles to the direction of the throw. As a very

great deal of the success in this event depends on the speed of the turns, they should be practised until they become second nature.



MCCRACKEN OF PENNSYLVANIA, FORMER INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPION, THROWING THE HAMMER.

He is on the last turn, and is just coming around. As he rights, down and around will come the hammer, and then off over his left shoulder.



PLAW OF CALIFORNIA, PACIFIC COAST CHAMPION, THROWING THE HAMMER.

He has just made his first turn. The next two turns will be made with increasing rapidity, until the hammer at last leaves his hands at full speed.

Then, and not till then, will the thrower be able to put into his throwing all the power of which he is capable.

It will be noted that in all these suggestions for track events stress has been laid on a general development, that is, that the sprinter, distance-runner, and other young athletes should have good back muscles, strong hearts, healthy lungs, etc., if they hope to attain their limit of achievement; and the interscholastic athlete must lay the basis of his college championships while still at school.

JO JOBSON GETS A NEW JOB.

By R. F. BUNNER.



Jo JOBSON, when wrecked on the billows,
On a bellows just floated ashore;
But the land that he reached was a desert,
So his troubles by no means were o'er.

Starvation is slower than drowning,
But a blacksmith—now what can he do

In a land where they never use horses,
And where camels need never a shoe?

Jo still had his big, breezy bellows,
And he was not dismayed in the least;
For soon each tired traveler paid him
To fan both himself and his beast.



THE ENCHANTED GLOBE.

BY NINA MOORE TIFFANY.



OUR globe of glass holds fishes three;
Gay, golden-scaled, they flash by me.
I stand and watch their ringèd eyes,
That will not wink nor change in size,
And wonder if they ever sleep,
Or day and night that stare must keep.

But, oh! such lovely colors gleam,
As round and round my goldfish stream!
Their floating tails are fans of light,
That wave and quiver in their flight;
Their sides flame fire as up they dart,
Swift as the wish that makes them start.

And now I see a thing so queer—
Six fishes in the water clear!
Three large, and, gliding down below,
Three small, that just above them go.
Which are the real ones, those up high,
Or these that grow as they pass by?

Mama says all of them are true;
Papa says none of them! Yet you
May plunge your hand right in and touch
The three that puzzle me so much;
For as I gaze straight down, just three
Turn solemn upward looks on me.

STRANGE NEST-BUILDERS.

BY ALLAN LEIGH.

I. A FEATHERED LAMPLIGHTER.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Nelicurvius Baya went to housekeeping they selected a delightful little spot under the eaves of a cottage just alongside of another young couple whose home was already half made, and then they commenced to build.

Mrs. Baya found it quite proper to do her share of building, for she, too, belonged to the industrious family of weaver-birds. She helped her husband bring grasses, and it was truly wonderful to see how deftly the little pair would weave the pieces in and out, the bright yellow heads bobbing about vigorously all the while.

Before very long the house began to take shape, and, odd as it may seem, it was built downward instead of upward, and as it progressed it took the form of a decanter turned upside down. By this time, however, Mrs. Baya was no longer to be seen. When the upper part of the house had been built a partition was run across it and a boudoir thus made for her use. Her good husband brought her the necessary materials, and she made a cozy little nest, after which she laid her eggs and sat upon them.

Mr. Baya's work was not yet done, however. He continued to build until he was satisfied with the outward appearance of his home, and then he turned his attention to the inside and laid out three rooms besides his mate's. But in the meantime he did not forget the dear little mate sitting so faithfully on her eggs, for many

a dainty morsel he carried to her, and many a kind word he chirped to her.

At last the home was finished, and it was a happy little bird that perched on a bush near by and chirped with a full heart at the sight of the long nest swaying gently in the breeze. He sat there as dusk came on, telling the whole world of his happiness in the best way he could. He was a poor singer, but his voice was sweet to hear because his heart was full of joy. As he sat there a firefly swept by like a tiny meteor, dim in the daylight not yet faded. A thought shot through the mind of the happy bird. He darted off to a neighboring pool, and, taking up a bit of moist clay, hurried with it to his home. Quickly he pasted it to the wall of one of his rooms, then darted out and, hovering with fluttering wings in the air, pounced upon a luckless firefly which, proud of its silvery glow, was flying by. Back again to the new home, up through the small hallway, and with a push the glowing captive was fastened in the clay to shed its light in the cozy chamber. Again and again the same thing was repeated, until not only the interior was all aglow, but even the outer doorway and roof, when night came on, shone bright with a silver radiance. What splendor for the Baya family, and how proud they must have been!

Just why the baya should light up his dwelling nobody can tell. Some say it is because he does n't like the darkness; others that it is to dazzle the eyes of plundering bats; others say that he does not care for the light, but only

wants to eat the fireflies. The birds like to build their nests near others of the same kind, and one traveler says he has seen as many as a hundred of these nests hanging from the eaves of one cottage.

One can easily believe that a bird with the



THE WEAVER-BIRD "LIGHTING UP" ITS NEST.

intelligence to light up his dwelling must be able to do many more things. And so he is. Indeed, the baya does so many wonderful things that it needs a great deal of testimony to convince those who have not witnessed his feats that the truth is being told of him. They who have seen trained canary-birds perform will have less difficulty in believing than others, though the canary does not compare with the baya in either intelligence or courage.

II. AN APARTMENT-NEST IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA.

The middle of Africa is hardly the place where one would expect to find an apartment-house; and yet, if a complete house of several rooms on one floor makes an apartment, then

there is such a thing in the middle of Africa. True, both builder and occupant is a bird, but why should that make any difference?

This bird is a first cousin to the storks and herons, though it would never be suspected of it, for it is quite lacking in the solemn dignity for which those families are famous. Besides, it has the very plebeian name of "hammerhead." At least, that is the name the Dutch colonists in Africa have given it, because its head really looks very much like a tack-hammer. Scientific men have rechristened it in Latin *Scopus umbretta*; but most persons will probably continue to call it hammerhead.

A great many other birds build very elaborate nests or houses, but none seem to have acted with quite the same modern architectural spirit as the hammerhead. Most birds, too, are content with providing warmth and shelter for their little ones, without having any care for themselves; but our bird seems much more civilized than that. It is not a very large bird—not more than twenty inches in length; yet it builds a house nearly ten feet long, and lays it out in rooms!

It selects a sheltered ledge of rock when possible, sometimes choosing a spot almost inaccessible to man, but sometimes building also on the open plain. The structure is half as wide as it is long, and has a domed top, as if the feathered architect knew that the arch is the strongest possible shape. The walls are built of twigs interwoven firmly and filled in with clay; and so substantially is the work done that, when completed, a heavy man may walk over it without injuring it in the least. The house is built on a slightly inclined surface, and the door is placed at the lower end in order that the floods of rain which fall in that country may not pour into the dwelling.

The doorway is the smallest opening possible for the bird to enter, and is frequently so disguised that it is no easy matter to discover it, even though you may have first seen the bird dart through it.

The outer doorway opens into a small ante-chamber, which leads through a small entrance into a larger room, which in its turn opens by a doorway into a spacious apartment raised one step above the floor of the other chambers and

carpeted with soft leaves and velvety moss. In the last and choicest apartment the mother bird lays from three to five snow-white eggs; and there the little birds first peep forth from their shells.

The middle chamber is used as a store-room,

apparent difference between the father and the mother bird either in looks or in attention to the eggs or little ones, for the father sits on the eggs and feeds the babes as faithfully as does his mate.

The several rooms are separated by walls of twigs and clay very deftly worked together, though of course they cannot rival partitions made by the human workman, with his lath and plaster. These active birds are not content, however, with simply making a good, strong, warm house, for any bright object which they are able to carry they thrust among the twigs of which the house is built, so that their nests sometimes gleam with these shining bits which they have collected. Whatever their purpose, the birds seem to have a liking for bright things, and when they are near human habitations they do not hesitate to pick up and make off with anything that takes their fancy. They have made such a practice of this that whenever a man loses his pipe or his knife, or a woman some glittering thing, away they go to the hammerhead mansion and seek for it.

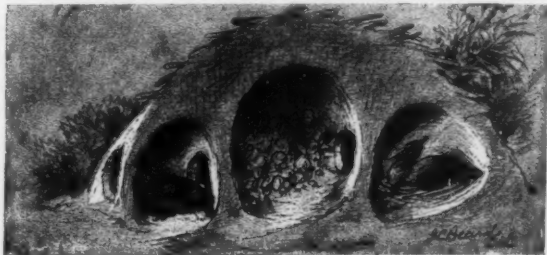


THE HAMMERHEAD'S NEST.

where provisions are carefully laid away for the use of the little ones in times when danger keeps the old ones from going forth, or when from any cause food outside becomes scarce. The small anteroom is quite bare, for there the parent not sitting on the eggs stands guard. With its body pressed close to the earth and with its head thrust forth from the entrance, it watches vigilantly for danger. There is no

The hammerheads have a plumage of an umber brown color, with purple-brown bands across the tail. The beak is longer than the head and very black, and the head is crowned by a bushy crest that is very beautiful, but which gives to the bird's head the resemblance to a tack-hammer before noticed.

Hammerheads are found in southern Arabia, Central and South Africa, and Madagascar.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE HAMMERHEAD'S NEST.

THE DIFFERENCE.

SAID grandmama
To grandpapa,
A-dozing in his chair:
"When you I see,
How glad I 'd be
To sleep as you do there!"

Said grandpapa
To grandmama:
"A foolish wish you make!
When you I see,
How glad I 'd be
If I could keep awake!"
Nell Kimberly McElhone.



A MERRY LITTLE SHEPHERDESS.

THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.*

BY HOWARD PYLE.



CHAPTER V.

HOW KING ARTHUR'S ROYALTY WAS DECLARED.

Now when the next day was come the Duke of North UMBER and his six knights-companion appeared upon the field in front of the castle of Camilard, as he had duly declared that he and they would do. And those seven champions appeared in very great estate; for in front of them there rode seven heralds with trumpets and tabards, and behind them there rode seven esquires—each esquire bearing the spear, the shield, the crest, and the banneret of the knight who was his lord and master. And the seven heralds blew their trumpets so exceeding loud that the sound thereof penetrated unto the utmost parts of Camilard, so that the people came running from everywhere. And while the heralds blew their trumpets, the seven esquires shouted and waved the spears and the bannerets.

So they paraded up and down that field

three times for its entire length, and meantime a great crowd of people, called thither by the blowing of the heralds' trumpets, stood upon the walls and gazed therefrom at that noble spectacle. And all the court of King Rayence came and stood upon the plain in front of the king's pavilion, and they shouted and cheered the Duke of North UMBER and his six knights-companion.

Now there had been pitched seven pavilions of silken texture at the end of the field, one pavilion for each of the seven champions. And above each pavilion was a silken banner of a color similar to the color of the pavilion, and each banner was emblazoned with the coat of arms of the knight to whom the pavilion appertained. And lo! the sun shone down upon those silken pavilions and upon the banners that flew to the breeze, so that all that extremity of the field was gay beyond telling with the brightness of the colors that covered it.

So when those seven champions had three times paraded the entire length of the field as

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aforesaid, each knight went immediately into his pavilion, and there they awaited the issue of their challenge.

Meanwhile King Leodegrance of Camilard was so cast down with trouble and shame that he did not choose to show his face, but hid himself away from all his court. Nor would he permit any one for to come into his presence at that time. Nevertheless, the Lady Guinevere, with sundry of her damsels, went unto the king's closet where he was, and knocked upon the door thereof. And when the king denied her to come in to him, she spake to him through the door, giving him words of good cheer and saying: "My Lord King and father, I prithee for to look up and to take good cheer unto thyself. For I do assure thee that there is one who hath our cause in his hands, and that one is certes a very glorious champion. And he shall assuredly come by and by, ere this day is done. And when he cometh he shall certainly overthrow our enemies."

So spake the Lady Guinevere, so that, whilst King Leodegrance came not forth, yet he was greatly comforted at that which she said to him.

So passed all that morning and a part of the afternoon, and yet no one appeared for to take up that challenge which the seven knights had declared. Then, whilst the sun was yet three or four hours high, there suddenly appeared at a great distance a cloud of dust. And in that cloud of dust there presently appeared five knights, riding at great speed thitherward. And those five knights came toward Camilard very splendidly, for the sun shone upon their armors and their accoutrements, so that each knight appeared to ride in a flame of fire of exceeding glory. And when the people upon the walls beheld the five knights riding toward Camilard, they shouted aloud with a great and mighty voice, for they wist that the five champions rode thitherward for to defend them.

And when the five knights had come nigh unto the walls, lo! the people beheld that he who rode foremost of all was that same White Champion who had aforetime overthrown the Duke of North UMBER. Moreover, they perceived that the four knights who rode with that

White Champion were very famous knights, and of great prowess and glory at arms. For the one was Sir Gawaine, and the other was Sir Ewaine, and the other was Sir Geraint, and the other was Sir Pellias. For the people of the castle and the town knew those four knights, because they had dwelt for two days at Camilard, and they were of such exceeding renown that folk crowded from far and near for to look upon them whensoever they appeared for to walk abroad in the streets.

Now King Leodegrance heard the people shouting, wherefore hope awoke of a sudden within him, so he straightway came forth with all speed for to see what was ado, and there he beheld those five noble champions about to enter into the field below the castle walls.

And the Lady Guinevere heard the shouting and came forth also, and behold! there was that White Champion and those four other knights. So when she beheld the White Knight and his four companions-at-arms, her heart was like to break within her for pure joy and gladness; wherefore she wept for the exceeding joy thereof. And she waved her kerchief unto those five noble lords, and kissed her hand unto them. And the five knights saluted her as they rode past her into the field.

Now when the Duke of North UMBER was made aware that those five knights had come against him and his knights-companion for to take up his challenge, he straightway came forth from his pavilion and mounted his horse. And his knights-companion came forth and mounted their horses, and he and they went forth to meet those who had come against them.

And when the Duke of North UMBER had come nigh enough he perceived that the chiefest of those five knights was the White Champion who had aforetime overthrown him. Wherefore he said unto that White Champion: "Sir Knight, I have once before condescended unto thee who art altogether unknown to me or to anybody else that is here. For, without inquiring concerning thy quality, I ran a course with thee, and, lo! by the chance of arms thou didst overthrow me. Now this quarrel is more serious than that; wherefore I and my companions-at-arms will not run a course with thee and thy

companions, nor will we fight with thee, until I first know what is the quality of him against whom I contend. Wherefore, I bid thee presently declare thyself, who thou art and what is thy condition."

Then Sir Gawaine opened the umbrel of his helmet, and he said: "Sir Knight, behold my face, and know that I am Gawaine, the son of King Lot. Wherefore thou mayst perceive that my condition and estate are even better than thine own. Now I do declare unto thee that yonder White Knight is of such a quality that he condescends unto thee when he doeth combat with thee, and that thou dost not condescend unto him."

"Ho, Sir Gawaine!" quoth the Duke of Umber. "What thou sayest is a very strange thing, for, indeed, there are few in this world who are so exalted that they may condescend unto me. Ne'theless, since thou dost avouch for him, I may not gainsay that which thou sayest. Yet there is still another reason why we may not fight with you. For, behold! we are seven well-approved and famous knights, and you are but five. So consider how unequal are our forces, and that you stand in great peril in undertaking so dangerous an encounter."

Then Sir Gawaine smiled right grimly upon that Duke of North Umber. "Gramercy for thy compassion and for the tenderness which thou showest concerning our safety, Sir Mordaunt," quoth he. "But ne'theless thou mayst leave that matter unto us with entire content of spirit upon thy part. For I consider that the peril in which ye seven stand is fully equal to our peril. Moreover, wert thou other than a belted knight, a simple man might suppose that thou wert more careful of thine own safety in this matter than thou art of ours."

Now at these words the countenance of the Duke of North Umber became altogether covered with red, for he wist that he had indeed no great desire for this battle, wherefore he was ashamed because of the words which Sir Gawaine spake to him. "We will fight you, Sir Knight," said he; "but if ye five are overwhelmed with numbers, then thank ye yourselves and blame us not therefor."

Then Sir Gawaine smiled again upon Duke Mordaunt. "Take thou no care for that, my

Lord Duke," quoth he, "for, an ye overwhelm us with numbers, we will, indeed, blame no one but ourselves therefor."

So upon this each knight closed his helmet and all turned their horses; and the one party rode unto one end of the field, and the other party rode to the other end of the field, and there each took stand in the place assigned unto him.

And they arranged themselves thus: in the middle was King Arthur, and upon either hand were two knights; and in the middle of the opposing contestants was the Duke of North Umber, and upon either hand were three knights. So, when they had thus arrayed themselves, they dressed their spears and their shields, and made them altogether ready for the onset. Then King Arthur and Duke Mordaunt each shouted aloud, and the one party hurled upon the other party with such violence that the ground shook and thundered beneath the hoofs of the horses, and the clouds of dust rose up against the heavens.

And so they met in the middle of the field with an uproar of dreadful violence.

And when the one party had passed the other, and the dust of the encounter had blown away, lo! three of the seven had been overthrown, and not one of the five had lost his seat.

And one of those who had been overthrown was Duke Mordaunt of North Umber. And behold! he nevermore arose again from the ground whereon he lay. For King Arthur's spear had pierced the shield of the Duke of North Umber and had pierced his body armor. And so violent was the stroke that the Duke of North Umber had been lifted entirely out of his saddle and had been cast a full spear's-length behind his horse. Thus died that wicked man.

Now when King Arthur turned him about at the end of the course and beheld that there were but four knights left upon their horses of all those seven against whom he and his companions had driven, he uplifted his spear, and drew rein upon his horse, and bespake his knights in this wise: "Messires, I am aweary of all this quarreling, and do not care to fight any more to-day; so go ye and engage those knights in battle. I will abide here and witness your adventure."

"Lord King," said they, "we will do our endeavor as thou dost command."

So those four good knights did as they were commanded, and they went forth straightway against those other four, much encouraged that their king looked upon their endeavor. And King Arthur sat with the butt of his spear resting upon his instep, and looked upon the field with great content of spirit and a steadfast countenance.

As for those four knights-companion that remained of the Duke of North UMBER's party, they came not forth to this second encounter with so much readiness of spirit as they had shown aforetime. For they were now well aware of how great was the excellent prowess of those other knights, and they beheld that their enemies came forth to this second encounter very fiercely and with great valor and readiness of spirit. Wherefore their hearts melted away within them with doubt and anxiety as to the outcome of this second encounter with the champions of King Leodegrance.

Nevertheless they prepared themselves with such resolve as might be, and came forth as they were called upon to do.

Then Sir Gawaine drave straight up to the foremost knight, who was a very well-known champion named Sir Dinador. When he had come sufficiently nigh to him, he lifted himself up in his stirrups, and he smote Sir Dinador so fierce a blow that he cleft the shield of that knight asunder, and he cleft his helmet.

And when Sir Dinador felt that blow, he was fain to catch the horn of his saddle for to save himself from falling therefrom. Then a great terror straightway fell upon him, so that he drew rein violently to one side. And he fled away from that place.

And when his companions beheld that stroke that Sir Gawaine delivered, and when they beheld Sir Dinador flee away from before him, they also drew rein to one side and fled away with all speed, pursued with a dread terror of their enemies. And Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine and Sir Geraint and Sir Pellias pursued them as they fled. And they chased them straight through the court of King Rayence, so that the knights and nobles of that court scattered hither and thither like chaff at their coming. And they chased those fleeing knights in among the pavilions of King Rayence's court,

and no man stayed them; and when they had chased those knights entirely away, they returned to that place where King Arthur still held his station, steadfastly awaiting them.

Now when the people of Camilard beheld the overthrow of their enemies, and when they beheld how those enemies fled away before the faces of their champions, they shouted with might and main, and made great acclaim. Nor did they stint their loud shouting when those four knights returned from pursuing their enemies and came back unto the White Champion again.

And still more did they shout when those five knights rode across the drawbridge and through the gateway and into the town.

Thus ended that great bout at arms, which was one of the most famous in all the history of chivalry of King Arthur's court.

Now when King Arthur had thus accomplished his purposes, and when he had come into the town again, he went unto that merchant of whom he had obtained the armor that he wore, and he delivered that armor back to him again. And he said: "To-morrow-day, Sir Merchant, I shall send thee two bags of gold for the rent of that armor which thou didst let me have."

And the merchant, Ralph of Cardiff, said: "My lord, it is not needed that thou shouldst recompense me for that armor which I did lend to thee, for thou hast done great honor unto Camilard by thy prowess."

And King Arthur said: "Have done, Sir Merchant, nor must thou forbid what I say. Wherefore take thou that which I shall send unto thee."

Thereupon he went his way, and, having set his cap of disguise upon his head, he went back into the Lady Guinevere's gardens again.

Now when the next morning had come, the people of Camilard looked forth, and lo! King Rayence had departed entirely away from before the castle. For that night he had struck his pavilions and had withdrawn his court, and had gone away from that place where he and his people had encamped for five days past. And with him he had taken the body of the Duke of North UMBER, conveying it away in a

litter surrounded by many lighted candles and uplifted by a peculiar pomp of ceremony. But when the people of Camilard beheld that he was gone, they were exceedingly rejoiced thereat, lo, there she beheld the gardener's boy again.

Now that morning the Lady Guinevere walked in her garden, and with her walked the two knights, Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine, and

The Gardener Lad takes *a* off his Cap.



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

and made merry, and shouted and sang and laughed. For they wotted not how deeply enraged King Rayence was against them; nor that his enmity aforetime toward King Leodegrance was but as a small flame when compared to the anger that now possessed him.

Then she laughed aloud, and she said unto those two knights: "Messires, behold! Yonder is the gardener's boy who weareth his cap continually because he hath taken a vow not to remove it."

Then those two knights, knowing who that

gardener's boy was, were exceedingly abashed at her speech, and wist not what to say or whither to look. And Sir Gawaine spake aside unto Sir Ewaine, and quoth he: "In sooth, the lady knoweth not what manner of man is yonder gardener's boy, or, an she did, she would be more sparing of her speech."

And the Lady Guinevere heard Sir Gawaine that he spoke, but she did not hear his words. So she turned unto him and said: "Sir Gawaine, haply it doth affront thee that that gardener's boy should wear his cap before us, and mayhap thou wilt go and take it off from his head, as thou didst offer to do two or three days since."

And Sir Gawaine said: "Peace, lady! Thou knowest not what thou sayest. Yonder gardener's boy could more easily take my head from off my shoulders than I could take his cap from off his head."

And at this the Lady Guinevere made open laughter; but in her heart she secretly pondered that saying, and greatly marveled what Sir Gawaine meant thereby.

Now about noon of that day there came a herald from King Rayence of North Wales, and he appeared boldly before King Leodegrance where the king sat in his hall with a number of his people about him. And the herald said: "My Lord King: my master, King Rayence of North Wales, is greatly displeased with thee. For thou didst set certain knights upon Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER, and those knights have slain that excellent nobleman, who was close kin unto King Rayence. Moreover, thou hast made no reply to those demands that my master King Rayence hath made touching the delivery unto him of certain lands and castles bordering upon North Wales. Wherefore my master is affronted with thee beyond measure. So my master, King Rayence, bids me to set forth to thee two conditions, and the conditions are these: Firstly, that thou dost immediately deliver into his hands that White Knight who slew the Duke of North UMBER. Secondly, that thou makest immediate promise that those lands in question shall be presently delivered unto King Rayence."

Then King Leodegrance arose from where

he sat and spake to that herald with great dignity of demeanor. "Sir Herald," quoth he, "the demands that King Rayence maketh upon me pass all bounds for insolence. That death which the Duke of North UMBER suffered he suffered because of his own pride and folly. Nor would I deliver that White Knight into thy master's hands even an I were able to do so. As for those lands that thy master demandeth of me—thou mayst tell King Rayence that I will not deliver unto him of those lands so much as a single blade of grass or a single grain of corn that groweth thereon."

And the herald said: "If so be that is thine answer, King Leodegrance, then am I bidden for to tell thee that my master, King Rayence of North Wales, will presently come hither with an array of a great force of arms, and will take from thee by force those things which thou wilt not deliver unto him peacefully." Whereupon, so saying, he departed thence and went his way.

Now after the herald had departed, King Leodegrance went into his closet; and when he had come there he sent privily for the Lady Guinevere. So the Lady Guinevere came to him where he was. And King Leodegrance said to her: "My daughter, it hath happened that a knight clad all in white, and bearing no crest or device of any sort, hath twice come to our rescue and hath overthrown our enemies. Now it is said by everybody that that knight is thine own particular champion; and I hear say that he wore thy necklace as a favor when he first went out against the Duke of North UMBER. Now I prithee, daughter, tell me who that White Champion is, and where he may be found."

Then the Lady Guinevere was overwhelmed with a confusion, wherefore she looked away from her father's countenance, and she said: "Verily, my lord, I know not who that knight may be."

Then King Leodegrance spake very seriously to the Lady Guinevere, and he took her by the hand and said: "My daughter, thou art now of an age when thou must consider being married unto a man who may duly cherish thee and protect thee from thine enemies. For, lo! I grow apace in years, and may not hope to

defend thee always from those perils that encompass one of our estate. Moreover, since King Arthur (who is a very great king indeed) hath brought peace unto this realm, all that noble court of chivalry which one time gathered about me has been scattered elsewhere where greater adventures may be found than in my peaceful realm. Wherefore, as all the world hath seen this week past, I have now not one single knight whom I may depend upon to defend us in such times of peril as those which now overshadow us. Now, my daughter, it doth appear to me that thou couldst not hope to find any one who could so well safeguard thee as this White Knight; for he doth indeed appear to be a champion of extraordinary prowess and strength. Wherefore it would be well if thou didst feel thyself to incline unto him as he appeareth to incline unto thee."

Then the Lady Guinevere's face became all rosy red as with a fire, even unto her throat. And she laughed, albeit the tears overflowed her eyes and ran down upon her cheeks. So she wept, yet laughed in weeping. And she said unto King Leodegrance: "My lord and father, an I give my liking unto any one in the manner thou speakest of, I will give it only unto the poor gardener-boy who digs in my garden."

Then at these words the countenance of King Leodegrance became contracted with violent anger, and he cried out: "How, then, lady! wouldst thou make a mock and a jest of my words?"

And the Lady Guinevere said: "Indeed, my lord, I jest not and I mock not. Moreover, I tell thee for verity that that same gardener's boy knoweth more concerning the White Champion than anybody else in all of the world."

At this, King Leodegrance looked at her, and exclaimed: "What is this that thou tellest me?"

And the Lady Guinevere said: "Send for that gardener's boy and thou shalt know."

And King Leodegrance answered: "Verily there is more in this than I may at present understand."

So he called to him the chief of his pages, named Dorisand, and he said to him: "Go, Dorisand, and bring hither the gardener's boy from the Lady Guinevere's garden."

So Dorisand the page went as King Leodegrance commanded, and in a little while he returned, bringing with him that gardener's boy. And with them came Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine and Sir Pellias and Sir Geraint. And those four lords stood over against the door where they entered, but the gardener's boy came and stood beside the table where King Leodegrance sat. And the king lifted up his eyes and looked upon the gardener's boy, and he said: "Ha! wouldst thou wear thy cap in our presence?"

And the gardener's boy said: "I may not take off my cap."

And the Lady Guinevere, who stood beside the chair of King Leodegrance, spake and said: "I do beseech thee, lad, for to take off thy cap unto my father."

And the gardener's boy said: "At thy bidding I will take it off."

Thereupon he took the cap from off his head, and King Leodegrance beheld his face and knew him. And when he saw who it was that stood before him, he made a great outcry from pure amazement. And he said: "My Lord King! What is this marvel?" Thereupon he arose from where he sat, and he went and knelt down upon the ground before King Arthur. And he set the palms of his hands together and he put his hands within the hands of King Arthur, and King Arthur took the hands of King Leodegrance within his own. And King Leodegrance said: "My lord, my king! Is it, then, thou who hast done all these wonderful things?"

And King Arthur said: "Yea; such as those things were, I have done them." And he stooped and kissed King Leodegrance upon the cheek, and lifted him up unto his feet, and gave him words of good cheer.

Now the Lady Guinevere, when she beheld those things that passed, was astonished beyond measure. And she understood of a sudden with an amazing clearness. Wherefore a great fear fell upon her, so that she trembled exceedingly, and said to herself: "What things have I said unto this great king, and how have I mocked him and made jest of him before all those who were about me!" And at the thought thereof she set her hand upon her

side for to still the extreme disturbance of her heart. So whilst King Arthur and King Leodegrance gave to each other words of royal greeting and of compliment, she withdrew herself from where she was and went and stood over against the window nigh to the corner of the wall.

Then, by and by, King Arthur lifted up his eyes and beheld her where she stood afar off. And straightway he went unto her, and he took her by the hand and he said, "Lady, what cheer?"

And she said, "Lord, I am afeard of thy greatness."

And he said: "Nay, lady. Rather it is I who am afeard of thee. For thy kind regard is dearer unto me than anything else in all the world; else had I not served for these twelve days as gardener's boy in thy garden."

And she said, "Thou hast my good will, my lord."

And he said, "Have I thy good will in great measure?"

And she said, "Yea; thou hast it in great measure."

Then he stooped his head and kissed her before all those who were there, and thus their troth was plighted.

And King Leodegrance was filled with exceeding joy.

Now I shall not tell you all things concerning the war with King Rayence that followed; for this story touches only the knightly deeds of those great lords and knights of King Arthur's court. Of the wars and the battles of armies you may read at length elsewhere. It is here sufficient to say that Sir Kay and Sir Ulfus gathered together a great army, as King Arthur had bidden them to do; and that when King Rayence came against Camilard he was altogether routed and his army dispersed, and he himself chased in flight into his mountains.

Then there was great rejoicing in Camilard; for after his victory King Arthur remained there for a while with an exceedingly splendid court of noble lords and of beautiful ladies. And there was feasting and jousting and many famous bouts at arms, the like of which those parts had never before beheld.

Now on a certain day, whilst King Arthur sat

at feast with King Leodegrance, King Leodegrance said unto King Arthur: "My lord, what shall I offer thee for a dowry with my daughter when thou takest her to be thy queen?"

And King Arthur turned to Merlin, who stood nigh, and said: "Merlin, what shall I demand of my friend by way of dowry?"

And Merlin said: "My Lord King, thy friend King Leodegrance hath one thing the which (should he bestow it upon thee) will singularly increase the glory and renown of thy reign, so that the same thereof shall never be forgotten."

And King Arthur said: "Merlin, I bid thee tell me what is that thing."

So Merlin said: "My Lord King, I will tell thee the story thereof:

"In the days of thy father, King Uther-Pendragon, I caused to be made for him a certain table in the shape of a ring, wherefore men called it the Round Table. Now at this table were seats for fifty men, and these seats were designed for the fifty knights who were the most worthy knights in all the world. And these seats were of such a sort that whenever a worthy knight appeared, then his name appeared in letters of gold upon the back of that chair that appertained unto him, and above where the head of that knight would be; and when that knight died, then would his name suddenly vanish from that seat which he had aforetime occupied.

Now forty-and-nine of these seats were altogether alike, saving only one that was set aside for the king himself, which same was elevated above the other seats, and was cunningly carved and inlaid with ivory and with gold. But one seat was different from all the others, and it was called the Seat Perilous. And this seat differed from all the others, both in its structure and its significance. For it was all cunningly inset with gold and silver of curious device; and it was covered with a canopy of satin embroidered with gold and silver; and it was altogether of a wonderful magnificence of appearance. And no name ever appeared upon this seat, for only one knight in all of the world could hope to sit therein with safety unto himself; for if any other dared to sit therein, either he would die a sudden and violent death within three days' time, or else a great misfor-

King Arthur meets the Lady Guinevere. *ss*



Drawn by Howard Pyle.

tune would befall him. Hence it was that the seat was called the Seat Perilous.

"Now in the days of thy renowned father, King Uther Pendragon, there sat seven-and-thirty knights at the Round Table. And when King Uther Pendragon died, he decreed that the Round Table should be given unto his friend, King Leodegrance of Camilard.

"And in the beginning of King Leodegrance's reign there sat four-and-twenty knights at the Round Table.

"But times have changed since then, and the glory of the King Leodegrance's reign hath paled before the glory of thy reign, so that his noble court of knights has altogether quitted him. Wherefore there remaineth now not one name, saving only the name of King Leodegrance, on all those fifty seats that encircle the Round Table. So now that famous Round Table lieth beneath its pavilion, altogether unused.

"Yet if King Leodegrance will give unto thee, my Lord King, that Round Table for a dower with the Lady Guinevere, then will it lend unto thy reign its greatest glory. For in thy day every seat of that Table shall be filled, even unto the Seat Perilous, and the fame of the knights who sit at it shall never be forgotten."

"Ha!" quoth King Arthur. "That would, indeed, be a dower worthy for any king to have with his queen."

"Then," said King Leodegrance, "that dower shalt thou have with my daughter. And if it bring thee great glory, then shall thy glory be my glory, and thy renown shall be my renown."

And King Arthur said, "Thou sayest well and wisely."

Thus King Arthur became the master of that famous Round Table. And the Round Table was set up at Camelot (which men now call Winchester), and a pavilion of parti-colored silk, embroidered with threads of silk interwoven with gold, covered it over and gave it shelter. And by and by there gathered about it such an array of splendid knights as the world had never beheld before that time, and which mayhap it shall never behold again.

And now ye shall hear of the marriage of King Arthur and of certain very excellent and extraordinary adventures that happened at that time.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW KING ARTHUR HELD A ROYAL WEDDING, AND ESTABLISHED THE ROUND TABLE.

AND NOW WAS COME the early fall of the year; that pleasant season when meadow-land and wold were still green with the summer that had only just passed; when the sky, likewise, was as of summer-time—extraordinarily blue and full of large floating clouds; when a bird might sing here and another there a short song in memory of springtime (as the smaller fowl doth when the year draweth to its ending); when all the air was tempered with warmth and yet the leaves were everywhere turning brown and red and gold, so that when the sun shone through them it was as though a cloth of gold, brodered with brown and crimson and green, hung above the head. Now was come the early autumn season of the year, when it is exceedingly pleasant to be afield among the nut-trees with hawk and hound, or to travel abroad in the yellow world, whether it be ahorse or afoot.

Such was the time of year in which had been set the marriage of King Arthur and the Lady Guinevere at Camelot, and at that place was extraordinary pomp and glory of circumstance. All the world was astir and in a great ferment of joy, for all folk were exceedingly glad that King Arthur was to have him a queen.

In preparation for that great occasion the town of Camelot was entirely bedight with magnificence, for the stony street along which the Lady Guinevere must come to the royal castle of the king was strewn thick with fresh-cut rushes, smoothly laid. Moreover, it was in many places spread with carpets of excellent pattern such as might be fit to lay upon the floor of some goodly hall. Likewise all the houses along the way were hung with fine hangings of woven texture interwoven with threads of azure and crimson, and everywhere were flags and bannerets afloat in the warm and gentle breeze against the blue sky, so that all the world appeared to be alive with bright colors.

Thus came the wedding-day of the king—bright and clear and exceeding radiant.

King Arthur sat in his hall, surrounded by his

court, awaiting news that the Lady Guinevere was coming thitherward. And it was about the middle of the morning when there came a messenger in haste riding upon a milk-white steed. And the raiment of that messenger and the trappings of his horse were all of cloth of gold embroidered with scarlet and white, and the tabard of the messenger was set with many jewels, so that he glistened from afar as he rode, with a singular splendor of appearance.

So this herald-messenger came straight into the castle where the king abided waiting, and he said: "My Lord King, the Lady Guinevere with her father, the King Leodegrance, and their court draweth nigh unto this place."

Upon this the king immediately arose with great joy, and straightway he went forth with his court of knights, riding in great state. And as he went down that marvelously adorned street, all the people shouted aloud as he passed by, wherefore he smiled and bent his head from side to side; for that day he was wondrous happy.

Thus he rode forward unto the town gate, and out therefrom, and so came thence into the country beyond, where the broad and well-beaten highway ran winding down beside the shining river betwixt the willows and the osiers.

And, behold! King Arthur and those with him perceived the court of the princess where it appeared at a distance, wherefore they made great rejoicing and hastened forward with all speed. And as they came nigh, the sun falling upon the apparels of silk and cloth of gold, and upon golden chains and the jewels that hung therefrom, all of that noble company that surrounded the Lady Guinevere's litter flashed and sparkled with a marvelous radiance.

For seventeen of the noblest knights of King Arthur's court, clad in complete armor, and sent by him as an escort unto the lady, rode in great splendor, surrounding the litter wherein the princess lay. And the framework of that litter was of richly gilded wood, and its curtains and its cushions were of crimson silk embroidered with threads of gold. And behind the litter there rode in gay and joyous array, all shining with many colors, the court of the princess—her damsels in waiting, gentlemen, ladies, pages,

and attendants. And the sun shone with surpassing brightness, and the river lay like a silver shield, darkened where the small winds breathed upon it; and the swallows darted over the water, dipping here and there to touch its smooth surface; and everything was so exceedingly cheerful with the beauty of the young autumn season that the heart of every one was expanded with entire joy.

So those parties of the king and the Lady Guinevere drew nigh together until they met.

Then straightway King Arthur dismounted from his noble horse, and, all clothed with royalty, he went afoot unto the Lady Guinevere's litter, whilst Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine held the bridle of his horse. Thereupon one of her pages drew aside the silken curtains of the Lady Guinevere's litter, and King Leodegrance gave her his hand, and she straightway descended therefrom, all aglow, as it were, with her exceeding beauty. So King Leodegrance led her to King Arthur, and King Arthur came to her, and placed one hand beneath her chin and the other upon her head, and inclined his countenance and kissed her upon her smooth cheek. And all those who were there lifted up their voices in great acclaim.

Thus did King Arthur give welcome unto the Lady Guinevere and unto King Leodegrance her father upon the highway beneath the walls of the town of Camelot, at the distance of half a league from that place. And no one who was there ever forgot that meeting, for it was full of extraordinary grace and noble courtliness.

Then King Arthur and his court of knights and nobles brought King Leodegrance and the Lady Guinevere with great ceremony unto Camelot, and thereby into the royal castle, where, befitting their several states, apartments were assigned unto all, so that the entire place was all alive with joyousness and beauty.

And when high noon had come the entire court went with great state and ceremony unto the cathedral, and there, surrounded by wonderful magnificence, those two noble souls were married by the archbishop.

And all the bells did ring right joyfully, and all the people who stood without the cathedral

shouted with loud acclaim; and, lo! the king and the queen came forth all shining, he like unto the sun for splendor and she like unto the moon for beauty.

In the castle a great noontide feast was spread, and there sat thereat four hundred eighty and six lordly and noble folk—kings, knights, and nobles, with queens and ladies in magnificent array. And near to the king and the queen there sat King Leodegrance, and Merlin, and Sir Ulfius, and Sir Ector the Trustworthy, and Sir Gawaine, and Sir Ewaine, and Sir Kay, and King Ban, and King Pellinore, and many other famous and exalted folk—so that no man had before that time beheld such magnificent courtliness as they beheld at that famous wedding-feast of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere. So have I told it unto you, so that you might behold, however so dimly, how marvelously pleasant were those days in which dwelt King Arthur and his famous court of knights.

And that day was likewise very famous in the history of chivalry: for in the afternoon the famous Round Table was established; and that Round Table was at once the very flower and the chiefest glory of King Arthur's reign.

For about mid of the afternoon the king and queen, preceded by Merlin and followed by all that splendid court of kings, lords, nobles, and knights in full array, made progression to that certain place where Merlin, partly by magic and partly by skill, had caused to be builded a very wonderful pavilion about the Round Table where it stood.

And when the king and the queen and the court had entered in thereat, they were amazed at the beauty of that pavilion, for they perceived, as it were, a great space that appeared to be a marvelous land of fay. For the walls were all richly gilded and were painted with very wonderful figures of saints and of angels, clad in ultramarine and crimson. And all those saints and angels were depicted playing upon various musical instruments that appeared to be made of gold. And overhead the roof of the pavilion was made to represent the sky, being all of cerulean blue sprinkled over with stars. And in the midst of that painted sky

was an image as it were of the sun in his glory. And underfoot was a pavement all of marble stone, set in small squares of black and white, and blue and red, and sundry other colors.

And in the midst of the pavilion was the famous Round Table, with seats thereat exactly sufficient for fifty persons. And the table was covered with a table-cloth of fine linen, as white as snow and embroidered at the hem with threads of silver. And at each of the fifty places was a chalice of gold filled with fragrant wine, and at each place was a platter of gold bearing a manchet of fair white bread. And when the king and his court entered into the pavilion, lo! music began of a sudden for to play with a wonderful sweetness, so that the heart was overjoyed for to listen to it.

Then Merlin came and took King Arthur by the hand and led him away from Queen Guinevere. And he said unto the king: "Lo, Lord King! Behold, this is the Round Table."

And King Arthur said: "Merlin, that which I see is wonderful beyond the telling."

Then Merlin discovered unto the king the marvels of the Round Table. For first he pointed to a high seat, very wonderfully wrought in precious woods and gilded so that it was exceedingly beautiful, and he said: "Behold! Lord King, yonder seat is called the Seat Royal, and that seat is for thyself." And as Merlin spake, lo! there suddenly appeared sundry letters of gold above that seat, and the letters of gold read the name

Arthur, King.

And Merlin said, "Lord, yonder seat may well be called the center seat of the Round Table, for, in sooth, thou art indeed the very center of all that is most worthy of true knightliness. Wherefore that seat shall still be called the center seat of all the other seats."

Then Merlin pointed to the seat that stood opposite to the Seat Royal, and that seat also was of a very wonderful appearance, being all of crimson and of azure inlaid with many cunning devices, and with figures of silver inset into the wood. And Merlin said unto the king: "My Lord King, that seat is named the Seat Perilous; for no man but one in all this

world shall sit therein, and that man is not yet born upon the earth. And if any other man shall dare to sit therein that man shall either suffer death or a sudden and terrible misfortune for his temerity. Wherefore that seat is called the Seat Perilous."

"Merlin," quoth the king, "all that thou tellest me passeth the bound of understanding for marvelousness. Now I do beseech thee in all haste for to find forthwith a sufficient number of knights to fill this Round Table, so that my glory shall be entirely complete."

"My lord," said Merlin, "I may not fill the Round Table for thee at this time. For, though thou hast gathered about thee the very noblest court of chivalry in all of Christendom, yet are there but two-and-thirty knights here present who may be considered worthy to sit at the Round Table."

"Then, Merlin," quoth King Arthur, "I do desire of thee that thou shalt straightway choose me those two-and-thirty."

"That will I do, Lord King," said Merlin.

So Merlin cast his eyes around, and lo! he saw where King Pellinore stood at a little distance. Unto him went Merlin and took him by the hand. "Behold, my Lord King," quoth he unto Arthur, "here is the knight in all of the world next to thyself who is at this time most worthy for to sit at this Round Table. For he is both exceedingly gentle of demeanor unto the poor and needy, and at the same time is so terribly strong and skilful that I know not whether thou or he is the more to be feared in an encounter of knight against knight."

Then Merlin led King Pellinore forward, and behold! upon the high seat that stood upon the left hand of the Seat Royal there appeared of a sudden the name

Pellinore.

And the name was emblazoned in letters of gold that shone with extraordinary luster. And when King Pellinore took this seat great and loud acclaim long continued was given him by all those who stood round about.

Now after Merlin had chosen King Arthur and King Pellinore, he chose from out of the court of King Arthur knights two-and-thirty in all, and they were knights of greatest renown

in chivalry who did first establish the Round Table of King Arthur.

And among these knights were Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine, who were nephews unto the king, and they sat nigh to him upon the right hand; and there was Sir Ulfius (who held his place but a year and eight months unto the time of his death, after the which Sir Geharris, who was esquire unto his brother Sir Gawaine, held that seat); and there was Sir Kay the Seneschal, who was foster-brother unto the king; and there was Sir Baudwain of Britain (who held his place but three years and two months until his death, after the which Sir Agravaire held that seat); and there was Sir Pellias, and Sir Geraint, and many others, so that the world had never before seen such a splendid array of noble knights gathered together.

And as each of these knights was chosen by Merlin, and as Merlin took that knight by the hand, lo! the name of that knight suddenly appeared in golden letters, very bright and shining, upon the chair that appertained to him.

And when all had been chosen, behold! King Arthur saw that the seat upon the right hand of the Seat Royal had not been filled and that it bore no name upon it. And he said unto Merlin: "Merlin, how is this, that the seat upon my right hand hath not been filled and beareth no name?"

And Merlin said: "My lord, there shall be a name thereon in a very little while, and he who shall sit therein shall be the greatest knight in all the world until that knight cometh who shall occupy the Seat Perilous."

And King Arthur said, "I would that he who shall sit at my right hand were with us now." And Merlin said, "He cometh anon."

Thus was the Round Table established with great pomp and ceremony of estate. For first the Archbishop of Canterbury blessed each and every seat, progressing from place to place surrounded by his court, the choir whereof sang most musically in accord, whilst others swang censers from which there ascended a vapor of frankincense, filling that entire pavilion as with an odor of heavenly blessedness.

And when the archbishop had thus blessed every one of those seats, the chosen knights took each his stall at the Round Table, and

his esquire came and stood behind him, holding the banneret with his coat of arms upon the spear-point above the knight's head. And all those who stood about that place, both knights and ladies, lifted up their voices in loud acclaim.

Then all the knights arose, and each knight held up before him the cross of the hilt of his sword, and each knight spake word for word as King Arthur spake. And this was the covenant of their knighthood of the Round Table: that they should be gentle unto the weak; that they should be courageous unto the strong; that they should be terrible unto the wicked and the evil-doers; that they should defend the helpless who should call upon them for aid; that all women should be held unto them sacred; that they should stand unto the defense of one another whensoever such defense should be required; that they should be merciful unto all men; that they should be gentle of deed, true in friendship, and faithful in love.

This was the covenant unto which each knight vowed upon the cross of his sword, and in witness thereof did kiss the hilt thereof, and

thereupon all those present once more gave loud acclaim. Then did all the knights of the Round Table seat themselves, and each knight brake bread from the golden paten and quaffed wine from the golden chalice that stood before him, giving thanks unto God for that which he ate and drank.

Thus was King Arthur wedded unto Queen Guinevere; and thus was the Round Table established. Wherefore all these things have I told unto you that ye might know how that glorious order of knighthood was first established.

And King Arthur was exceedingly uplifted with the great joy that possessed him. Wherefore he commanded that all of Camelot should be feasted at his expense.

And he also proclaimed that there should be feasting and jousting in his court for three days.

And so endeth this part of the story. And now shall I tell you the adventures of certain of those noble knights of the Round Table; and the first of all that I shall tell you shall be the story of Sir Gawaine.

(To be continued.)



THE BIRDS' BREAKFAST.

A LETTER FROM MISS ALCOTT'S SISTER ABOUT "LITTLE WOMEN."

DOUBTLESS many of the girl readers of ST. NICHOLAS, who have also read and enjoyed "Little Women," will be interested in the following letter, written thirty years ago to two young girls of that day, who had sent a letter to Miss Alcott herself, asking if the characters in "Little Women" were real persons, and if the story were true. In due time they received the following letter in reply.—EDITOR.

CONCORD, January 20, 1871.

DEAR JULIA AND ALICE: From your note to Miss Alcott I infer that you are not aware that she is at present in Italy, having gone abroad in April last, with the intention of remaining a year or more, trying to get well. But knowing how pleased she would be with your friendly note, I think perhaps a word from sister "Meg" will be better than leaving it unanswered, and far better than that any "little woman" should feel that "Jo" was unkind or ungrateful.

Of course you know that neither "Meg" nor "Jo" are young and pretty girls now, but sober old women, nearly forty years of age, full of cares and troubles like other people; and that although nearly every event in the book is true, of course things did not happen exactly as they are there set down.

You ask if "Amy" is not May Alcott, and I can truly say she is her very self, and she is the only one of the "Little Women" who would, I think, realize your ideal drawn from the story. She is, indeed, "Lady Amy," and a fair and noble woman, full of graces and accomplishments, and, what is better far, a pure and generous heart. "Jo," "Beth," and "Amy" are all drawn from life, and are entirely truthful pictures of the three dear sisters who played and worked, loved and sorrowed together so many years ago. Dear "Beth"—or Louie, as we called her—died, after long suffering, twelve years since. She was a sweet and gentle creature, and her death was so great a sorrow to poor "Jo" that she has never been quite happy since her "conscience" was laid away under the pines of Sleepy Hollow. "Meg" was never the pretty vain little maiden, who coquetted and made herself so charming. But "Jo" always admired poor, plain "Meg," and when she came to put her into the story, she beautified her to suit the occasion, saying, "Dear me, girls, we must have one beauty in the book!"

So "Meg," with her big mouth and homely nose, shines forth quite a darling, and no doubt all the "little women" who read of her admire her just as loving old "Jo" does, and think her quite splendid. But, for all that, she is nothing but homely, busy, and, I hope, useful "Annie" who writes this letter to you.

As for dear old "Jo" herself, she was just the romping, naughty, topsy-turvy tomboy that all you little girls have learned to love; and even now, when care and sickness have made her early old, she is at heart the same loving, generous girl. In "Little Women" she has given a very truthful story of her haps and mishaps, her literary struggles and successes, and she is now enjoying her well-earned honors and regaining her health in travel with her sister Amy. They are spending the winter in Rome, in a delightful circle of artists, receiving attentions and honors that make proud the heart of the sister left behind. "Amy" is in the studio of a well-known painter, working hard to perfect herself in her chosen art, while "Jo" is resting and gaining strength and courage for her promised "Little Men," of which I imagine "Meg's" boys, Freddie and Johnnie, are to be the heroes.

You inquire about "Laurie." The character was drawn partly from imagination, but more perhaps from a very nice boy Lonisa once knew, whose good looks and "wheedlesome" ways first suggested to her the idea of putting him into a book. She has therefore put upon him the love-making and behavior of various adorers of her youthful days.

Dear little friends, if I have told you all you wish to know, and shown that you need have no fear of being thought "intrusive," perhaps sometime you will honor "Meg" herself with a letter.

Be assured she will be glad to hear from any of the "little women." Sincerely yours,

ANNIE ALCOTT PRATT.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANT AND HIS TURNIP.



Old Ivan (John) goes out into the garden to pull a turnip for dinner.



The ground is hard and the roots are long, so his wife Masha (Mary) comes out to help him.



Seeing their distress their little daughter Varka (Barbara) comes to the rescue, and



Thinking it is a new game that is being played, their little dog Moska joins in,



While the cat Briska looks on all unconscious of a very tender and tempting mouse just behind her.



Then with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together—up the turnip comes.



But all 's well that ends well, and around old Ivan they crowd and rejoice in the prospect of a savory dinner well earned.

THE DANCING CLASS.

By

Esther H. Staplea



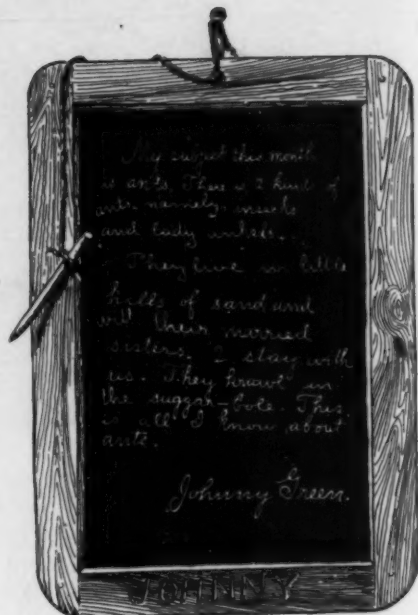
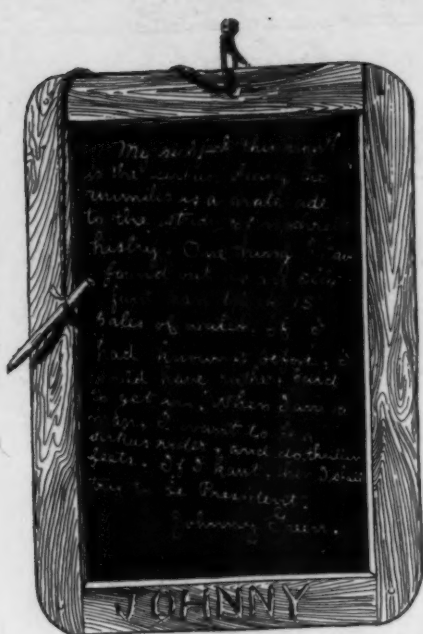
"One, two," the professor said.
"And again, a one two three."
One, two, and a one two three,
Is the polka time" said he.





"One, two, three", professor said,
"And again a one two three."
One, two, three, and one, two, three,
Is the waltzing time" said he.





TWO OF JOHNNY'S COMPOSITIONS.



"A RARE OPPORTUNITY—PRESENT TENANT GOING ABROAD."



BY HELEN S. DALEY.

GWENDOLEN JONES was chubby and sweet,
And her age was half-past three;
And she lived in a house on Wellington Street,
In the yard with the walnut-tree.



Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith
Was almost half-past four;
And he said, when they gave him a baseball
and bat,
That he 'd "play with the girls no more."

Gwendolen Jones she gazed through the
fence.

At an end were all life's joys,
As she saw the friend of her youth depart
"To play with the great big boys."

Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith
Up to the field marched he;
But his eye was blacked, and his head was
whacked,
And his ball no more did he see.

And the boys called him "Baby" because he
cried,
Did Teddy and Willie and Tim,
And they chased him away when he threatened
to tell,
And said they 'd "no use for him."



Gwendolen Jones came down to the fence,
And her face wore a joyful smile
When Harold Percival Marmaduke said
He 'd play with her "once in a while."

THE ARTIST, THE SPARROW, AND THE BOY.

By JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

WHEN an artist friend of mine was asked some time ago to make a picture of a sparrow for St. NICHOLAS, he fancied, as indeed any one might, that it would be easy

would stand still long enough to be sketched. But it soon became evident to him that just that kind of sparrow had not come over to this country. One day he said to me:

"Let us go to Flatbush. Perhaps some of the boys out there can catch a sparrow for me; country boys understand such things much better than city boys do."

So one lovely day in early summer we went to Flatbush, which



"THE WHOLE ROOF OF THE VERANDA HAD THE APPEARANCE OF HAVING BEEN VISITED BY A CYCLOWE." (SEE PAGE 640.)

enough to procure a sparrow for a model. He said to himself, "I will ask some of the boys on my block to get a live sparrow for me."

The boys confidently answered, "Oh, yes; we'll get you one. When do you want it?" You may see from this how easy a matter they also thought it. And off they went. But the days passed with no tidings from the confident hunters.

Then my friend appealed to all his acquaintances. They one and all said they had no doubt they could contrive to get him a sparrow. Not one of them did contrive it, however, and he was no nearer to having his model than before.

By this time he had become quite despondent, and might have been seen wandering through the streets of Brooklyn with his sketch-book in his hand, trying to find a sparrow that

always has been famous for its pretty villas and ferocious mosquitos, and which henceforth will be noted as the home of a boy who caught an English sparrow. The boy's name was Wilhelm, and we found him unwillingly removing the weeds from his mother's vegetable-garden.

We leaned on the fence and watched him for a while, and a kind of instinct seemed to tell us that a boy who had such a marked lack of interest in weeds would be the very boy to capture a sparrow. My artist friend shouted "Hello!" by way of attracting his attention from the game of mumble-the-peg with which he was beguiling the time between weeds, so to speak. Wilhelm satisfactorily accomplished the difficult "reversed back-hand," and then looked up.

"I want a live sparrow," said the artist. "Do you think you can catch one for me?"

The boy studied first my friend, and then me, and finally he said, "I don't know," and turned to make the next most difficult throw in his mumble-peg game.

But we were not to be thus put off. "I'll give you ten cents for a live sparrow," I said, just as the throw was about to be made.

"Will you?" demanded Wilhelm, desisting from mumble-the-peg. "When?"

"As soon as you give me the sparrow."

"Can you come up to-morrow?"

"Yes. I want it uninjured, you know."

"I don't know about that," was the reply.

"I mean you must n't hurt the sparrow."

"Oh! All right; I won't."

It was impossible not to have confidence in a boy who displayed such skill at mumble-the-peg, and therefore it was with great hopefulness that we went to Flatbush the following day. But Wilhelm had not yet caught the sparrow. We ought to have been discouraged in consequence; but we were not, for Wilhelm bore himself with an air of indifference that simply inspired greater confidence than ever.

Then, to give added zest to the search, my friend said:

"I will give you twenty-five cents for a sparrow."

"Can you come up to-morrow?" demanded Wilhelm, as if he had never said the same thing before.

"No," replied the artist. "Here is a two-cent stamp. Send me word when you have caught the sparrow."

There was no doubt in our minds that Wilhelm could catch a sparrow if he would; the only question was, would he? The next morning's mail answered that question, for it brought a letter from Wilhelm which deserves to go on record:

MR. NUGANT I hav cot a sparrow bring the mony and com get it

WILHELM.

Fault might be found with the spelling and punctuation of the letter, but there could be no mistaking Wilhelm's meaning. He had the sparrow, and he stood ready to exchange it for the sum of money agreed upon. We were filled with joy, and we hastened to Flatbush. Wilhelm led us into the cottage and showed us a cage with two sparrows in it. My friend looked at them with a carefulness born of a slight experience of Wilhelm.

"Why, they are young ones!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"Are they?" asked Wilhelm, as if he were surprised. And then he added, as if he were not at all surprised: "That's what you wanted, was n't it?"

He was told that what was wanted was a full-grown sparrow; and after some further conversation Wilhelm promised to put the little ones back in their nest, and to get an old one, for the sum of fifty cents, that sum being fixed upon in view of the fact that if a young one



THE HOUSE RESTORED.

was worth twenty-five cents, an old one must be worth twice as much. The argument was all Wilhelm's, and he seemed so much pleased with it that Mr. Nugent did not combat it.

About a week after this fruitless visit to our

bird-catcher extraordinary, we received the following message written in the cramped hand that we had begun to know.

MR. NUGANT I hav fiv bring the mony WILHELM

This note was somewhat bewildering at the first reading. Full of hope we hurried out to Flatbush once more.

"They are tearing the house down," said the artist, as we approached the cottage.

It certainly did look so. A grape-arbor, which had shaded the front of the house and made it look very inviting as well, had been thrown down; the gutter of the house had been torn loose and hung by a nail, and numerous shingles were lying scattered about. The whole roof of the veranda had the appearance, as we inspected it more closely, of having been visited by a cyclone. The debris could scarcely have been more scattered if men had been employed to take the house to pieces. Wilhelm sat on a piece of what he called the "cornish." My friend shouted to him:

"What's the matter with the house, Wilhelm?"

"That 's where I got the sparrows," was the answer; and such was our confidence in that Flatbush boy that we believed him, and from that moment wished we had never disturbed him from his game of mumble-the-peg. He discovered that some sparrows had made their home in a crevice of the veranda-roof, and forthwith had enlisted the assistance of several of his companions, and had captured the birds, with the result to the house as seen.

"Come into the house and see the sparrows," said Wilhelm, with that cheerfulness which only a boy can maintain under such circumstances. "I've got five—all old ones."

"Bring them out here," said my friend.

Neither of us would have deliberately faced the mother of Wilhelm for any consideration, and she was a very pleasant German woman, too. But we might as well have gone in, for she came out with Wilhelm in a moment. We made ourselves as small as we could and prepared heroically for what would come.

"Have you the money?" were her first words, and we thought she meant money to pay for the repairs to the house.

"It was fifty cents," said Wilhelm.

"Here is the money," said the artist with great presence of mind.

"Get the sparrows, Wilhelm," said the good woman.

Wilhelm brought the sparrows, we transferred two to a cage of our own,—Wilhelm insisted that we should take two,—and then we went our way, rejoicing not a bit more in our birds than did the enterprising woman and her son in their fifty cents.

We were very glad that the destruction of the roof weighed so lightly on the minds of the good woman and her thrifty boy; but it was not so with us. We could not help thinking of it, and one day we went out to have another look at the cottage, fully expecting to see it sinking into ruins. But instead of that we found it shining with new paint and so thoroughly repaired that it looked like a brand-new cottage. Even the fence around the garden had been renewed and painted a rich vegetable green. All but one of the grape-vines had been torn up by the roots in order that they should not mar the spick-and-span appearance of the cottage.

Wilhelm's mother saw us and knew us. She shouted to us, and we approached. She ran into the house, and presently came out again, holding some pieces of paper in her hand. She thrust the papers at us, and we took them and read them. They were bills from the carpenter and the painter for the repairs, and our hearts sank as we read that our fifty-cent sparrow had cost the good woman nearly as many dollars.

Our first thought was that we were to be held responsible for the damage; but it was soon evident that it was only excess of joy that troubled the mistress of the cottage, and by degrees we learned that she had received a legacy from the old country which made her a rich woman as compared with her former estate. This enabled her easily to make good the injury done by her son. She was as grateful to us as if we had been in some way concerned in the legacy.

We met Wilhelm as we were going away, and he wanted to know if we were looking for another sparrow. We said no, for there was an expression on the boy's face that said he would tear down the new house for another fifty cents.

A NONSENSE CALENDAR.

It is the merry month of May.
The organ-grinder comes this way ;
He plays gay tunes for me and you,
And brings his monkey, too.

The monkey wears a smiling face,
And jacket trimmed with fine gold lace ;
He clammers over gate or fence,
And holds his cap for pence.

How very funny it would be
If he were I and I were he !
I would n't like to have it so ;
Perhaps he 'd like it, though.

Carolyn Wells.

MAY



A FAMILY MEASURE-BOARD:

BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.

MOST young folks who have in their house a little baby sister or brother no doubt have often seen the little tot get his weekly weighing, and have noticed how proud their parents are when each week shows a gain over the last. But after a few months, when baby begins to find a use for his hands, and seems to know his older sisters and brothers, nobody appears to take any interest in his weight, for he is getting along

the wall; but you have forgotten what you measured before, for it did not seem quite right to mark up the woodwork or wall-paper, and so you could not tell how fast you grew.

Now, to make this easier and a great deal more interesting, some families have a tall board fastened to the wall in one of the rooms of the house, and on this board the heights of the various members of the family are marked. This measure-board may be a very plain affair or as elaborate as you please. A simple and inexpensive one that will answer every purpose is made of a piece of board about six inches wide and seven feet high. Almost any kind of wood will do, but perhaps cherry will be the most satisfactory. In any case it must be thoroughly seasoned, so that it will not shrink, and it will be well to have it either finished in linseed-oil or given a light coat of varnish or shellac in order that the wood may not be easily soiled.

The person to be measured stands with his back and heels close to the board and with chin level. The old-fashioned way of laying a ruler or a table knife on top of the head and making a scratch on the door or wall is not a very accurate way, because if you should happen to tilt the ruler either up or down, your measurement will be too much or too little, and it is very difficult to hold it exactly level. Therefore the best way is to take a book, or, better yet, a small framed picture, and press one edge firmly against the measure-board a few inches above the person's head, and then slowly lower it until the under edge rests upon the top of the head; then mark the place where this horizontal edge touches the board. Now make a mark with a penknife or drive a small-headed brass nail at the spot, and opposite it mark the name of the person. The name can be cut by a penknife, making the letters with single hair-line strokes, with no attempt at carving; or a simpler way would be to print the name with a hard lead-pencil,



THE OLD CLOCK AND THE MEASURE-BOARD.

so nicely that this no longer seems as important as it did at first.

But there is something about the baby that the whole family *will* be interested in watching until he is really grown up, and that is in seeing how fast he grows in height.

No doubt some of you have been measured by standing up against a closet door, and then, in the course of a year or so, perhaps, against

lightly at first and then going over the marks several times, bearing more heavily on the pencil each time. The wood will not be too hard to allow of a fairly deep impression that will not rub out. It will be found that, if there are a number of children in the family, their height-

need be shown. This rule can be made by a lead-pencil, as explained for the lettering. Such a rule always on the board has the advantage not only of showing the young folks' height in feet and inches, but it can be used to measure the height of your playmates and visitors whose



"THE MANY CUTS AND NOTCHES MADE A DOORWAY IN MY GRANDFATHER'S NEW ENGLAND HOME LOOK LIKE AN INDIAN'S TOTEM-STICK." (SEE PAGE 644.)

marks may happen to come close together, so that the names will have to be placed sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left of the center of the board in which the height is recorded. A most convenient addition to the board is made by drawing on its face, but close to the edge, short lines numbering the feet and inches, beginning of course at the bottom—something like a yard-stick, only nothing smaller than inches, or at most half-inches,

measurements you do not care to mark on the board; for, be it remembered, the board is to contain only the heights of the family.

A friend who has had one of these measure-boards in his family for many years writes us of his experience with it. From the pictures you will see that his was a very elaborate affair; for, as he tells us, it was an important piece of their furniture, and they spared no pains to make it as fine as they could. He says:

"An old-time family clock stands in our dining-room, measuring minutes and hours with perfect accuracy so long as the person who generally winds it is at home. But when he is absent the old clock behaves badly. First the moon goes wrong, then the days of the month become mixed, the clock strikes one hundred, and probably the long 39-inch pendulum, which should tick a second at every swing, ceases to move, and the old clock is as silent as the tall black-walnut board which, dotted over with measures of years, stands beside it. This board is a curious family record which no mother or father sees without saying that they would be very glad to have such a measure-board, but that such an idea had never occurred to them.

"It is probable that it would not have entered my mind to have a measure-board if I had not looked at and puzzled over the many cuts, notches, and little round holes which made a doorway in my grandfather's New England home look like an Indian's totem-stick. It was entirely guess-work to select the cut which was made by my own first jack-knife to mark its owner's height at five years of age, or which one of the round holes punched by grandmother's spinning-wheel spindle shows my inches at an earlier age. Most of the marks on that door-post are for the heights of my uncles, aunts, and cousins at different ages. But which is which there is no one now living who can tell. It is a family puzzle without any key. And this is the reason why I brought a measure-board to my own home some years ago.

"Our measure-board is of walnut, and has a deer's antlers and a shield at its top as a decoration. Beneath these is my own and my wife's monogram, and under that the year of our wedding; the different initials show the height of myself, my mother, and my wife. That the children's heights do not all commence, as they should, at one year is because the board did not come into use until the

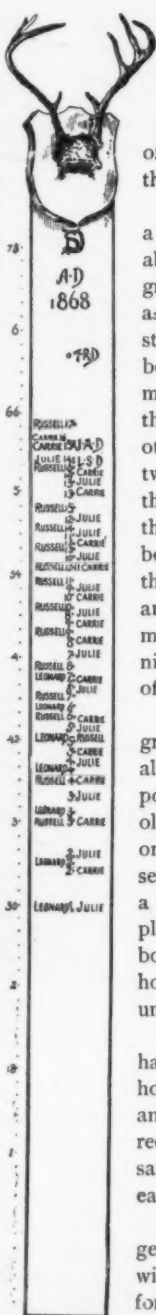
eldest of our little folks was three years old, and it was too late for all the one-year marks. But bright and early each birthday morning since the board has been in position the owner of the birthday has stood up, back to the board, and been measured.

"One friend who has recently set up a measure-board is so fortunate as to be able to have the heights of the four grandparents of his one-year-old baby, as well as that of himself and wife, to start with. In the story told by our board we find that one daughter grew more during a year that she was kept in the house by illness than during any other year; and we see that between twelve and thirteen the girls grow faster than at any other time except during their first, second, and third years, and between fifteen and sixteen is the year that the boy starts upward most rapidly; and that fifteen is the age when girls make a halt in growing; and that twenty-nine inches is about the average height of the little ones at one year old.

"It is curious to watch the varying growth of the children. At some years all the names are clustered near one point; for instance, the six and five year olds are so close together as to crowd one another. Next there is a six above a seven, and later on an eleven leads both a twelve and thirteen. All of this is so plainly seen in the illustration of the board that a glance at it will show you how some of the little folks have grown until they are as tall as their mother.

"At Christmas-time the measure-board has its special decoration—generally a holly branch glowing with red berries; and something like a family council is required to arrange this branch to the satisfaction of all, for in this one thing each has an equal interest."

Here, then, is something that any ingenious boy can make, something that will be a source of continuing interest for his sisters and brothers and parents and himself for many years to come.



HIGH TREASON IN THE NURSERY.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY M. O. KOBÉ.



I. MASTER MUTINY.

JUST six years to-day I have lived in the world
With my hair like a girl's—all twisted and
curled;
And the boys on the street, when I pass
them, all cry:
"Hey! look at the curly-locks, girly-locks guy!"

Well, I 've taken those hateful old curls off
to-day,
And now, when they meet me, we 'll see what
they say!

II. MISS MALCONTENT.

No wonder my dolly
Looks gay and glad—
She has nothing in life
To make her sad;
And any child can be glad and gay
If it only is dressed in a sensible way.

She is n't squeezed up
In a great long coat
Too loose in the sleeves
And too tight round the throat,
With a bow in front that gets in the way
Every time she goes out with her friends to play.

And she does n't wear shoes
That pinch her toes,
Or a hat that flies
When a strong wind blows.

Fine clothes are *too* fine for every day,
And they're *so* in the way when you try to play!





BLOWING BUBBLES BLOWS OFF TROUBLES.

BY C. R. HOAGLAND.

BOBBY BOY is blowing bubbles,
Blowing big, bright, bouncing bubbles.
Bobby Boy had many troubles;
Mama said, "Come, let's blow bubbles;
Blow your troubles in the bubbles.
Troubles go as bubbles do:
Bubbles vanish — troubles too."

So Bobby Boy is blowing bubbles,
Blowing big, bright, bouncing bubbles.



SPRING FASHIONS.



LITTLE FILMY-WING: "HAVE I GOT TO BE A FAIRY GODMOTHER TO THIS?"

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY

EDWARD F. BIGELOW



LOON.

"The loon is one of our largest water-fowl, two or three times as large as the common duck; it is an ungainly bird, but a wonderful diver and swimmer under water."

MYSTERIOUS SPRING SOUNDS.

Ah-chunk, ah-chunk, ah-chunk.

What is that strange sound that comes up from the marsh in April, like the coughing of a deep-throated, old-fashioned pump, or the hollow thump of oars between the thole-pins of a flat-bottomed scow? It is the spring note of that awkward, long-necked, long-legged bird, the bittern—its love-song, too! Think of making love with such a gulp as that!

Often, as a boy, I have stood on the long slope above the marsh in spring, and wondered what that mysterious sound might be. It seemed to come from everywhere—from nowhere in particular. For the bittern is a great ventriloquist. Perhaps the art of ventriloquism was first learned from him.

How the hollow sound fills the whole marsh! One would hardly know where to search for the bird that is making it, hidden somewhere in those miles of coarse grass, even if one had seven-



BITTERN.

"That awkward, long-necked, long-legged bird, the bittern."

league rubber boots, and could wade faster than the wind travels over the marsh.

Another mysterious sound of the spring is that wild, mocking, crazy laugh that floats up from mountain lakes soon after the ice has gone out. It is not often heard in the low-



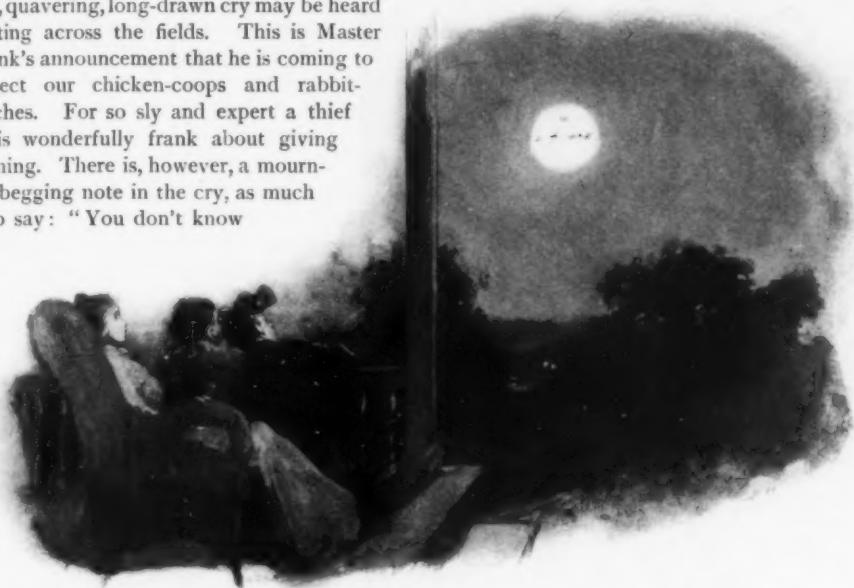
"THE RUFFED GROUSE STANDS BRECT ON SOME LOG, AND BEATS HIS WINGS AGAINST HIS SIDES."

lands, but the girls and boys who live in the hill country know this sound of the loon's laugh—one of the strangest, saddest sounds in nature, so like a human laugh, and yet so heartless, mocking, and unearthly. The loon is one of our largest water-fowl, two or three times as large as the common duck; it is an ungainly bird, but a wonderful diver and swimmer under water. It is as wild and shy as its mocking call is weird and mysterious.

Often, on a warm, still spring night, a plaintive, quavering, long-drawn cry may be heard floating across the fields. This is Master Skunk's announcement that he is coming to inspect our chicken-coops and rabbit-hutches. For so sly and expert a thief he is wonderfully frank about giving warning. There is, however, a mournful, begging note in the cry, as much as to say: "You don't know

Later in the spring, when the nights begin to be warm and close, a harsh, hoarse, startling scream will be heard from some grove or solitary tree in the fields. One might easily be frightened at the sound; and yet it is nothing but the tree-toad with his usual spring call. That such a small, inoffensive creature should produce so threatening a sound is almost as amusing as it is strange.

One of the most mysterious sounds of the



"ON MOONLIGHT NIGHTS ONE MAY SOMETIMES SEE WITH A STRONG FIELD-GLASS THE TINY PILGRIMS STREAMING ACROSS THE DISK OF THE MOON IN WAVING, WIRE-LIKE LINES."

how hungry I am! Please let me have just one plump young chicken!"

Who has not heard that spring "drummer in the woods," with his long, rolling *reveille*, increasing in rapidity with every tap of the flying drumsticks, until the beats run together in a blur of sound, as if the drum had dropped and was rumbling away over the ground? Every country boy knows that this sound, so mysterious to city visitors, is produced by the ruffed grouse as he stands erect on some log or stump, beating his wings against his inflated sides—at once a love-call and a challenge to other cock grouse "who would a-woeing go."

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spring night is the thin, far-off piping of countless birds that are migrating, high in air, to their Northern homes. It is like a fairy chorus, that chirping of the little travelers.

On moonlight nights one may sometimes see with a strong field-glass the tiny pilgrims streaming across the disk of the moon in waving, wire-like lines. This is a sight almost as interesting and well worth watching for as an eclipse. Look for it, girls and boys, the next time you hear those mysterious, piping voices on some calm, clear moonlight night in spring.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

THE WINNER.

I HAD been watching the herring for an hour or more as they struggled through the sluice to the dam. The fall of the water over the gates

the fish. They seemed electric with it. Perhaps this school had been delayed by the cold April weather, and now must reach the pond to lay their eggs and were in a hurry. Whatever the cause, they certainly seemed to be in a hurry, for I had never seen them scramble over the shoals and over one another in quite this rush before.

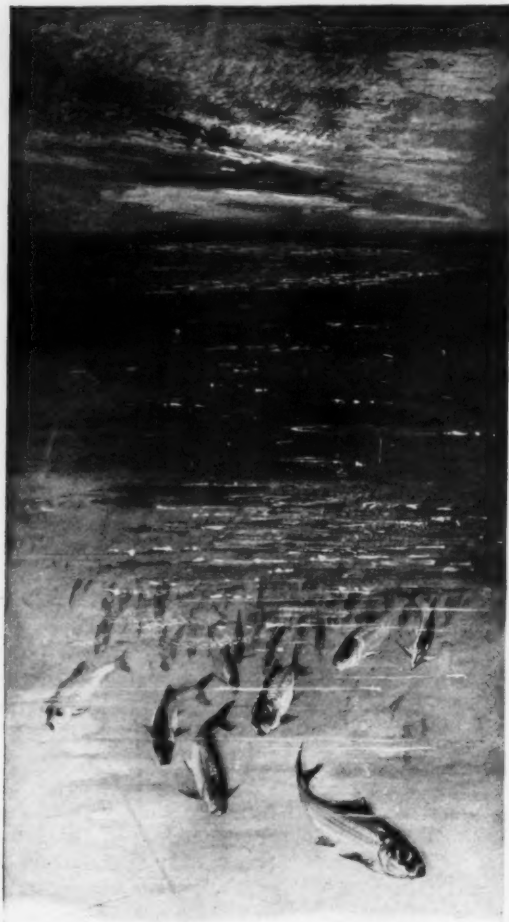
The unusual excitement was less manifest in their mad rush upstream than in their still madder rush at the falls. On any running day a few of the stronger, bolder fish, finding their way barred by a four-foot dam, try to climb over through the down-pouring sheet of water. The vast majority, however,—not unlike, I suppose, the majority of men,—coming to the impossible barrier, stop in the easy pen built for them beneath the falls, and are content to be scooped out, for pickling and fishbait, most of them, though a few are carried up in barrels to the spawning-ponds.

But to-day it was different. Instead of the usual few there were many fighting to get over. I had watched them time and time again, but had never seen one pass the four feet of sheer falling water. In "Wild Life Near Home" I have described how they would dart through the foam into the great sheet of water, strike it like an arrow, rise straight up through it, hang an instant in mid-fall, and be hurled back and killed, often, on the rocks beneath.

To-day I felt a new thrill as I watched them. Something of the evident excitement among the fish possessed me. I somehow knew that, as the horsemen put it, "The track was faster to-day"—that the swimmers were on their mettle, that a record would be broken.

The falls were all a-flash and a-glitter with the darting fishes. Not only was there a greater number in the contest: there was also a much higher average jump than usual. Over and over again one would get within half a foot of the lip of the gate.

Soon I noticed that it seemed to be a certain fish that made this highest mark. I fol-



"FOR A WEEK THEY HAD BEEN STRAGGLING IN FROM THE SEA, BUT TO-DAY THEY POURED IN BY THOUSANDS."

was unusually heavy that day, as was also the run of herring. For a week they had been straggling in from the sea, but to-day they poured in by thousands. The stream was clogged.

Something—their increased numbers and greater rivalry, perhaps—had noticeably excited

lowed her as she fell back, and, though it was impossible through the foam and thick rush of other forms to keep her in sight, yet I am sure that each time she rose it was with a peculiar bound showing a particularly long, lithe body. And each time she fell, peculiar good luck attended, or else it was that her superior sense and training served her, for each time she landed just between or just beyond the rocks.

Again she flashed through the foam, and hung, fixed like a silver arrow, in the dark water just below the edge. Again she fell. I was excited. Flash! flash! flash! a score of the shining ones shot into the falls, when over them, above them, flashed the long, lithe form of the winner, striking one of the weaker rivals beneath her just as she reached her highest mark, and bounding sidewise from her, glanced over the dam and was gone.

The record was broken, and within five minutes, by the same curious hap, another turned her silver side over the great hurdle and dived into the quiet pool beyond.

It is a rather paradoxical state of things that creatures like these fish hate cloudy, cold weather and rain, and will not leave the ocean willingly for the shallow fresh waters unless the sun shines and the wind suits and the temperature is to their liking. There is some reason for the chickens' staying in when it rains; but what need have herring of umbrellas? DALLAS LORE SHARP.



THE WINNER.

So much is said regarding the migration of birds that we are apt to make the mistake of thinking that birds are the only form of animal life that migrates. The Rev. Mr. Sharp has



GOING UP THE STREAM.

Sometimes it's swimming, sometimes jumping, sometimes flopping, and again climbing. In fact, it's almost any way to get there.

very interestingly called our attention to the often overlooked fact of the migration of fishes. It is not, however, with fishes only that the adults come to us in the spring. We have also at least one variety of butterfly that is regarded as migratory. Of the well known "Monarch," Dr. W. J. Holland writes:

It is believed by writers that with the advent of cold weather these butterflies migrate to the South, that the chrysalids and caterpillars which may be undeveloped at the time of the frosts are destroyed, and that when these insects reappear, as they do every summer, they represent a wave of migration coming northward from the warmer regions of the Gulf States.

HOMES UNDER THE BARK.

SEVERAL kinds of insects have sharp jaws for cutting holes in wood. Some make queer markings in intricate and beautiful patterns just beneath the bark of decaying trunks. Others bore smooth and even holes of about the diameter of a lead-pencil, deep into the tree. Some insects make these holes or intricate net-work of passages for homes where they may live and be protected from storms.



EXAMINING THE INSECT HOMES AND CUTTINGS IN THE DECAYING WOOD.



BLOCK OF WOOD EATEN BY WOOD-BORING INSECTS.

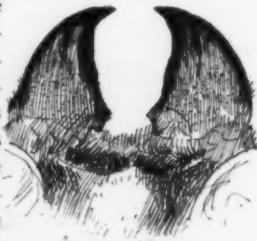
From a photograph supplied by the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, from a specimen contributed by Henry van Hoesen, Adirondack Lodge, North Elba, New York.

Others not only cut the wood but use the chips for food.

It is interesting to pull up the bark and break off clumps of the decaying wood to see the variety of insects that scurry out, terrified by the noise and unexpected blaze of light.

It would require no great amount of imagination to regard some clusters as villages, with winding streets, and here and there a path "across lots"—perhaps for going visiting by shorter routes than "around the road."

Then again we find perforations of such extraordinary form that they look like tiny palaces built by fairy architects. Sometimes the channels lie just beneath the bark, partly in this and partly in the wood, so that when the bark is peeled off the work of the wood-cutters has the appearance of fanciful etchings. The insects especially fond of this kind of labor are called engraver-beetles; others make holes not by their jaws but by a long, drill-like apparatus.



CHISEL-LIKE JAWS OF A WOOD-BORING LARVA.

Drawn from view magnified by aid of a compound microscope.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

HOW WOODCHUCKS CLIMB TREES.

ALGONA, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading ST. NICHOLAS I came across an article about woodchucks climbing trees, and I made up my mind to write you about an experience of this kind which I had. One day I was walking across a pasture with another boy and a fox-terrier, when we suddenly heard a shrill whistle from a large pile of brush not far away. The dog soon drove a "chuck" out of the pile, and it ran up a tree a few feet away. The tree was a box-elder about six inches in diameter, and the woodchuck climbed clear to the top. But he did not climb like a cat, but more like a boy would do in climbing a larger tree, clinging by "all fours." The branches began about eight feet from the ground, and the woodchuck climbed this distance up the smooth trunk of the tree very rapidly. This was the first time I had ever known that woodchucks could climb in this manner.

RUSSELL COWLES.

This is a very rare observation, and evidently correct. The woodchuck's claws are not sharp enough for climbing in the scratch-into-the-bark style of the cat.

THE MEADOW-LARK.

SCRANTON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This bird is one of the best known of the blackbird and oriole family, as any grassy meadow which is not traversed too frequently will almost invariably contain a flock of meadow-larks. They arrived here on March 7, or a day earlier, last spring, and at once took possession of their old fields and nesting-grounds. It may be remarked that the lark is classed, on good authority, as a permanent resident. If this is true they must rove about in the fall, and leave their fields, for I observed carefully a field well stocked with meadow-larks, near this place, in the autumn, winter, and spring,—1901–1902,—and there was not one in the vicinity after November 15, nor did they reappear until March 7. Of course my observations were limited to this place, but I have heard testimony from other places that none were seen there in the winter.

The flight of the lark suggests that of the quail, on account of the decurved wings; but the white outer tail-feathers of the meadow-lark, so conspicuous in flight, are a distinguishing mark.

The call of the lark, usually given when alarmed, is a rasping *shrank! shrink!* followed by a long-drawn twittering *te-t-t-t-t-t-t-t*. There is also a low *quit*, which I have heard only a few times, and then only when quite near the bird. The song is a high, clear, sliding whistle, in two parts.

H. ESTY DOUNCE (age 13).

Most meadow-larks migrate to the South. A few remain in the New England and Middle States during the winter. This bird and our bobolink are the best two singers of the lowlands. "The bobolink mood is one of care-free happiness; the meadow-lark's suggests the fervent joy that is akin to pain," says Florence Merriam Bailey.

The meadow-lark's song has been well translated as "a clear, piercing whistle, *spring o' the y-e-a-r, spring o' the year!*"



MEADOW-LARK.

Drawn by H. Esty Dounce (age 13).

PRESERVATION OF THE MAMMOTH.

FERGUSON, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a question that has been puzzling some of your readers. How was the mammoth of northern Siberia frozen and the meat not tainted? It must have been frozen very quickly to preserve the flesh in this way. They have been found even fifty feet underground in perfect condition, with the meat untainted, and they must have been in this condition hundreds of years. I would be much obliged if you would answer me in ST. NICHOLAS.

HORACE WAGNER.

Your question was submitted to Professor Frederic A. Lucas, curator in the United States National Museum, Washington, and an acknowledged authority regarding mammoths.

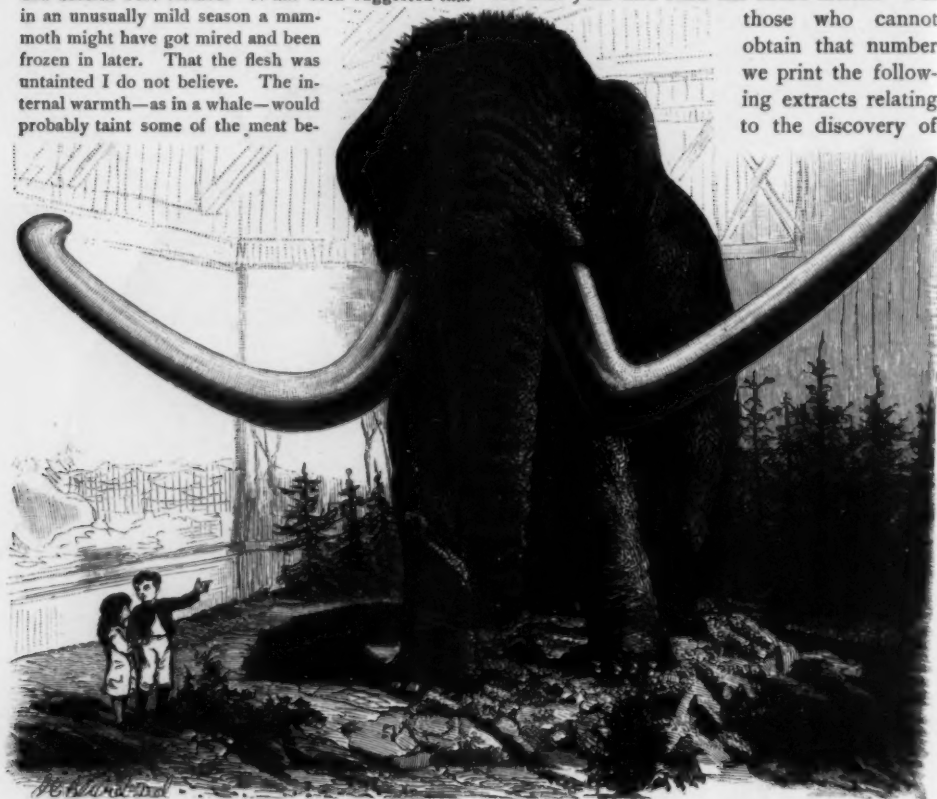
The following is an extract from his reply:

You are quite right about the preservation of the mammoths. They were frozen immediately after death, for they lived in a cold climate. We know that in Alaska the mammoths actually walked on the ice. It is quite probable that some of the mammoths perished in the snow, and this in time turned into glacier-like ice through accumulation and pressure, although I have never happened on any good explanation of the manner in which the great subterranean ice masses of Alaska and Siberia were formed. It has been suggested that in an unusually mild season a mammoth might have got mired and been frozen in later. That the flesh was untainted I do not believe. The internal warmth—as in a whale—would probably taint some of the meat be-

ural to suppose that the name mammoth was given to the extinct elephant because of its extraordinary bulk. Exactly the reverse is true, however, for the word came to have its present meaning because the original possessor of the name was a huge animal.

A very interesting article, "The Discovery of the Mammoth," was published in the December number (page 89) of *ST. NICHOLAS* for 1882. Our young folks should take the bound volume for that year and read the entire article. For

those who cannot obtain that number we print the following extracts relating to the discovery of



THE MAMMOTH OF ST. PETERSBURG.

fore it could all freeze; although the legs—these were the parts best preserved—would keep quite fresh.

Read also the chapter "The Mammoth" in Professor Lucas's very interesting book, "Animals of the Past." It is especially interesting to note the following statement regarding the word "mammoth":

We are so accustomed to use the word to describe anything of remarkable size that it would be only nat-

this mammoth in a huge mound of ice in northern Siberia in the spring of 1799.

About thirty feet above him, half-way up the face of the mound, appeared the section of a great ice-layer, from which the water was flowing in numberless streams; while protruding from it, and partly hanging over, was an animal of such huge proportions that the simple fisherman could hardly believe his eyes. Two gigantic horns or tusks were visible, and a great woolly body was faintly outlined in the blue, icy mass. In the fall

he related the story to his comrades up the river, and in the ensuing spring, with a party of his fellow-fishermen, he again visited the spot. A year had worked wonders. The great mass had thawed out sufficiently to show its nature, and on closer inspection proved to be a well-preserved specimen of one of those gigantic extinct hairy elephants that roamed over the northern parts of Europe, Asia, and America in the earlier ages of the world. The body was still too firmly attached and frozen to permit of removal. For four successive years the fishermen visited it, until finally, in March, 1804, five years after its original discovery, it broke away from its icy bed and came thundering down upon the sands below. The discoverers first detached the tusks, that were nine feet six inches in length, and together weighed three hundred and sixty pounds. The hide, covered with wool and hair, was more than twenty men could lift. Part of this, with the tusks, was taken to Jakutsk and sold for fifty rubles, while the rest of the animal was left where it fell, and cut up at various times by the Jakutskans, who fed their dogs with its flesh. A strange feast this, truly—meat that had been frozen solid in the ice-house of nature perhaps fifty thousand years, more or less; but so well was it preserved that when the brain was afterward compared with that of a recently killed animal, no difference in the tissues could be detected.

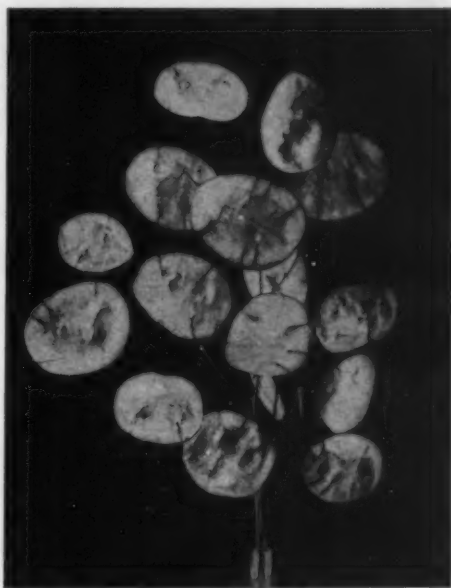
Later the mammoth was purchased by scientists and taken to the museum at St. Petersburg. It is this specimen that is pictured on the previous page. Of the size of this mammoth it is stated:

Its length is twenty-six feet, including the curve of the tusks; it stands sixteen feet high, and when alive it probably weighed more than twice as much as the largest living elephant. And as some tusks have been found over fifteen feet in length, we may reasonably conclude that Shumarhoff's mammoth is only an average specimen, and that many of its companions were considerably larger.

"CHINESE EYE-GLASSES."

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose in a box two sprays of a plant called "Chinese eye-glasses," one of their "covers," and several seeds. One spray has several covers on the eye-glasses, and the other has not. The seed should be sown in May, June, or July, for if sown in September the frost will kill them, as they will not be strong enough to stand it. They bloom the second summer, and the flowers are a reddish purple. They must not be picked or the eye-glasses (which are the seed-pods) will not come. The eye-glasses have two covers, one on each side, as is shown on one of the sprays. These covers are a very pale yellowish brown when ripe. The seeds are between these and the eye-glasses. They will keep



"CHINESE EYE-GLASSES."

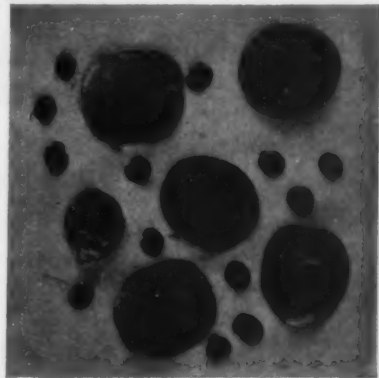
Photographed from the two sprays of the plant sent by the writer of this letter.

for a long time if not handled much, for they are very frail.

Yours truly,

TERESA COHEN.

This plant is commonly known as moonwort or honesty. The scientific name is *Lunaria annua*. As this name implies, it is an annual. The seeds may be sown in early spring. The plant is easily grown, and our young folks will find it interesting especially because of its unique form.



THE SEEDS AND "COVERS" OF SEED-PODS.



The sun swings higher in the sky
To light the pleasant path of May,
And still with kindly, watchful eye,
Finds happy children all the way.

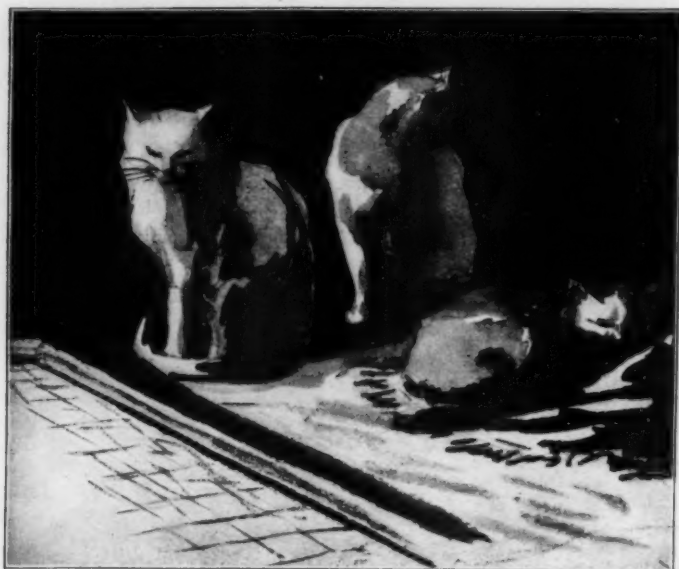
FOR the benefit of our later readers we find it a good plan now and then to review something of the object and scope of the St. Nicholas League.

The League was begun with an announcement made in November, 1899. We stated then that it was to be an organization of our readers for the purpose of encouraging and cultivating talent and ingenuity, and for promoting good-fellowship everywhere. Each month

it immediately received. Wherever in any part of the earth there are English readers the St. Nicholas League has members; and in every school and college where English is read and taught, instructors have watched its growth and in many cases made its work a part of their class study. Art teachers everywhere have encouraged their pupils to compare the League drawings and to enter the competitions. One of the foremost illustrators in the world has written to say that he wishes he might have had a St. Nicholas League in the days of his early beginnings. Already some of those who began writing and drawing nearly four years ago have taken their places in the ranks of the world's

workers, and among these and among others that will be added to their number as the years go by, there will be men and women whom the world will be proud to claim and will long remember.

The membership of the St. Nicholas League is free. Any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, may obtain a League badge and an instruction leaflet and may enter the competition. We ask only that members give attention to the department and its aims, and strive earnestly to excel in whatever they may undertake. We ask, also, that they persevere, for it is only through earnest striving and persistent effort that anything worth having can be won. Discouragement has no place in any League undertaking, and some of those who have attained the highest places have failed oftenest in the beginning.



"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY LUCY MACKENZIE, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

prizes were to be offered as an acknowledgment of superior excellence in drawing, literary composition, photography, and puzzle-work.

We expected the League would be a success, but we hardly thought it would at once become a great educational factor with a support so wide and so eminent as

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 41.

In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Elizabeth O. Bolles** (age 17), 6 Berkeley St., Cambridge, Mass., and **Mabel Elizabeth Fletcher** (age 16), 470 E. Center St., Decatur, Ill.

Silver badges, **Norman Taylor** (age 10), 7422 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., **Dorothy Wallis** (age 13), 300 Park Ave., Orange, N. J., and **Sydney P. Thompson** (age 8), 156 Fifth Ave., Room 706, New York City.

Prose. Gold badge, **Gladys Bullough** (age 14), Meggerie Castle, Glen Lyon, Perthshire, Scotland.

Silver badges, **Herbert Andrews** (age 14), 174 Selkirk Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada, **Edna Wise** (age 14), 239 West 70th St., Chicago, Ill., and **Herman White Smith** (age 11), Redding, Conn.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Emily Grace Hanks** (age 16), 2044 Madison Ave., New York City, and **Lucy Mackenzie** (age 15), Ladyhill House, Elgin, Scotland.

Silver badges, **Richard M. Hunt** (age 16), 1 Woodside Rd., Winchester, Mass., and **Katharine Thompson** (age 9), Brookwood Farm, Greencastle P. O., Delaware.

Photography. Cash prize, **Homer C. Miller** (age 17), 26 Clifton St., Springfield, Ohio.

Gold badge, **George Schobinger** (age 17), Chailly, S. Lausanne, Switzerland.

Silver badges, **Lawrence V. Sheridan** (age 15), 449 S. Clay St., Frankfort, Ind., and **Will Maynard** (age 13), 906 State St., Springfield, Mass.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Partridges," by **Lucille Sledge Campbell** (age 14), Knoxville, Tenn. Second prize, "Squirrel," by **Philip S. Ordway** (age 15), 20 Myrtle St., Winchester, Mass. No third prize.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Margery Quigley** (age 16), 3966 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo., and **Olive S. Brush** (age 15), 68 Gloucester St., Toronto, Ont., Can.

Silver badges, **Marie Blucher** (age 12), Corpus Christi, Tex., **A. Adelaide Hahn** (age 9), 552 E. 87th St., N. Y. City.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Alice C. Martin** (age 15), 240 West 74th St., New York City, and **Desmond Kessler Fraenkel** (age 14), 906 Park Ave., Manhattan.

Silver badges, **Doris Hackbusch** (age 14), 511 North Esplanade, Leavenworth, Kan., and **Willamette Partridge** (age 14), 1629 Sheridan Drive, Chicago, Ill.

THE MEADOWS OF THE SKY.

BY ELIZABETH Q. BOLLES (AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

I HEAR the veery singing,
And the south wind softly sigh,
As I gaze up from my window
To the meadows of the sky.

The star sheep there are grazing
With the star lambs by their side,
And the shepherd moon is guarding
O'er the meadows large and wide.

And through those spacious meadows
A lane goes curving by,
And it leadeth to the sheepfold
Of the meadows in the sky.

ALEX MCKENZIE'S FIRST BATTLE.

BY GLADYS BULLOUGH (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

ALEX MCKENZIE was a lad of sixteen years, the youngest son of a Highland chieftain who lived in a Highland glen. It was in the month of June, when Rory McKenzie (Alex's father) had a quarrel with a very powerful Highland clan named Campbell. Alex's father sent to the Campbells to ask about some land which by right belonged to the McKenzies and the Campbells had claimed. When Campbell heard what the message was, he got in such a rage that he drew his claymore and slew one of the messengers. The others, mad with rage, rushed upon the Campbells and killed many of them. Such an uneven conflict could not last long. The McKenzies were all killed but one, who managed to escape, and brought the news to his chief, who vowed vengeance for the loss of his men. Alex was very excited about the coming battle, as he was old enough to take part in it with his brothers. The clan at once prepared for battle, which did not take long in those days. Alex showed himself as good a soldier as any of the clan, several times saving his father's life. The Campbells, being more numerous, forced the Mc-



"OUR NEW ANIMAL FRIEND." BY EMILY GRACE HANKS, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

Kenzies to fly, and hotly pursued them. The McKenzies, having no settled place to retreat to in case of defeat, scattered. Alex and his father were left alone. The chief could hardly drag himself along, as he was badly wounded. Alex tried to think of some place where he and his father could hide, when he suddenly remembered that some time before he had discovered a small cave cunningly hidden away on the steep mountain-side. He at once led his father to the spot, and almost dragged him through the small hole leading to the cave; and here they remained until the Campbells had gone, living on the food that every soldier was obliged to carry. Alex left his father in the care of a friend, rode to Edinburgh,

obtained an audience of the king, and begged him to have the Campbells punished. This he did, and made the brave boy an officer in his army, where he did good service. He finally went back to the Highlands, and lived in great happiness.

THE MEADOW OF THE SLUMS.

BY MABEL ELIZABETH FLETCHER (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

A DROOPING clover in a broken glass,
An oak-leaf treasured up from long ago,
A bare, baked ground without a blade of grass,
And ragweeds in a sullen, jagged row.

Behind it all the noisy gutter hums;
In front the heavy litter-boxes stand:
Yet here the ragged children of the slums
Come flocking in a joyous, happy band.

Her clover turns to daisies
fresh and gay;
The oak-leaf is a grove of
noble trees;
The gutter oft becomes a
tranquil bay
Where white-sailed ships
can tempt the gentle
breeze.

The clover and the oak-leaf
and the weeds,
Although dear Mother
Nature's very crumbs,
God wills that they should
be as tiny seeds
In the meadow of the chil-
dren of the slums.

THE BATTLE WITH THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

(A True Story.)

BY HERBERT ANDREWS
(AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

ONE hot summer day we were just let out of school, and were getting the pony into the gig to go home, when away to the north we could see great volumes of smoke arising. We got the pony into the gig and hurried toward home. The pony was so frightened that it started to run away. It flew around the corner of a fence, almost upsetting the gig. We arrived home in a record time. We got the horse into the barn and then went out. The men had got the horses out and were plowing a fire-guard along the northern part of the boundary of the farm, which was menaced by the fire.

When several furrows had been plowed the fire was up to the brake. The men got bags, wet them, and stood ready to meet the oncoming fire. Whenever a bit of fire crossed the guard it was put out.

But the wind was getting up, and in a little while the fire had crossed the guard. The men worked hard and long; but the fire seemed to be gaining. We brought another barrel of water, and with fresh energy they again fought with the fire. This time they slowly conquered it. In about a quarter of an hour the fire was out. They had been fighting for two hours. They were quite tired out. The fire started from a small fire in a stubble.

THE BATTLE OF SOUTHWEST HARBOR.

BY FRANK DAMROSCH, JR. (AGE 14).

THE battle of Southwest Harbor was fought in the war of 1812, but it is not known to many people, as it was not very important. Mount Desert Island, upon which Southwest Harbor is situated, lies off the coast of Maine. One day in the year 1812 an English sloop of war appeared in the western way and anchored inside of Cranberry Island. It was known that stores were concealed at Southwest Harbor, and the British determined to get them. There were no regular soldiers at Southwest, but all the fishermen and farmers of the country round about gathered together and built a hastily improvised breastwork, behind which they placed some old field-pieces. The first day after her arrival the sloop lay quietly at anchor, but in the evening she sent a boat ashore to reconnoiter. The boat did not find out very much.



"PEACE." BY HOMER C. MILLER, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

The next day the battle commenced in earnest. The sloop stood in and the firing began. I cannot tell of all the brave deeds that were done that day, but one of them I will mention.

A boy who was helping the men fell from the breastworks into the water.

At once three men jumped into a dory and, in the face of a fierce fire, rescued him.

The fight continued fiercely till evening, when the Britisher drew off, crippled and defeated, and the battle of Southwest Harbor between a sloop of war and some fishermen had been fought and won.

A TIFF IN THE MEADOW.

BY DOROTHY WALLIS (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

'T was old Mr. Beetle
And old Mr. Bee
Sat talking "a leetle"
Beneath an old tree.

Stepping out of the lane,
I heard Bumble sigh:
"I wish it would rain,
Or the flowers will die."

"Oh, no," said the other;
"That never would do;
Too much rain 's a bother
For me, if not you."

"I like rain *and* sun,"
Said the Bee, with a wink;
"One gets lots of fun
From both, don't you
think?"

Mr. Beetle just pouted,
And left Mr. Bee;
No good-bys were shouted
Beneath the old tree.

So, friends, when together,
'T is wiser, you see,
Not to talk of the weather—
Unless you agree!

A BATTLE.

BY HERMAN WHITE SMITH
(AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

It was a fine day about the middle of June, and I thought I would take a walk in the orchard to see a robin's nest I had found a few days before. I had not gone very far when I saw a robin fly out of an apple-tree near by. I looked up into the tree for quite a few minutes, and was just going away when I saw the mother returning; but I think she did not see me, for she went right to the nest. Then I saw it in a crotch about half-way up the tree. It was not a very hard tree to climb, so I thought I would climb up and see what was in it.

I had climbed about half-way to the nest when I heard such a noise in the orchard I jumped down from the tree and ran to see what was the matter.

Before I could get there I heard the chatter of a red squirrel and the snap, snap of a robin's beak. I soon saw what was the matter. The squirrel was eating a robin's egg as I came in sight, while the mother was fluttering about, snapping her beak and trying to strike him with her wings. The squirrel, after finishing the

egg, started to run to a hickory-tree near by, but before he had passed the first tree she was at him again. To avoid her blows he would dart under the limb, while all the while he was getting farther and farther away. At that instant the father came flying by, and stopped when he saw the fight.

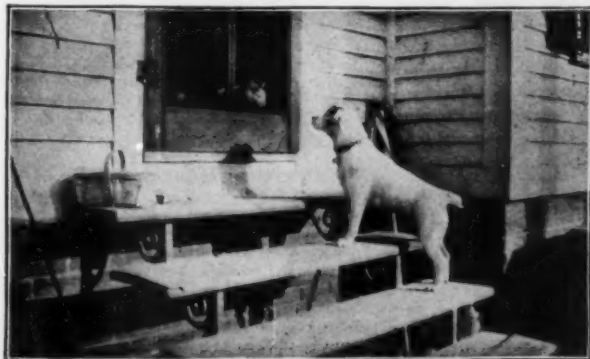
Not waiting to see what the matter was, he flew right at the squirrel, and before the squirrel knew what was to be done, the robin had struck him and he was falling straight to the ground. When he struck he fell on the stone fence, and was just able to get into a hole in the fence. I don't think he ever troubled a robin's nest after that.

NOTICE.

Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS should become a member of the St. Nicholas League. A League badge and leaflet will be mailed free.



"PEACE." BY GEORGE SCHOBINGER, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)



"PEACE." BY WILL MAYNARD, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE MEADOW AND THE WOOD.

BY NORMAN TAYLOR (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Over the meadow at evening,
Over the meadow at morn,
I see the corn-fields waving
With their golden ears of corn.

Over the meadows at morning,
Into the forest deep,
I hear the wood birds singing,
And I see the owls asleep.

Over the meadow at evening,
And through the rustling corn,
I am going over the meadow
To the place where I was born.

IN THE MEADOWS.

BY SYDNEY P. THOMPSON (AGE 8).

(Silver Badge.)

UP in the sky a lark is flying,
Down in the grass a child is lying;
The grasses bend and the breezes
blow,
And the little child's breath comes soft
and slow.

The song of the lark is sweet and
clear,
And it says to the child, "Rest well,
my dear."
The lark flew upward into the sky,
But the little child on earth must lie.

A POSTPONED BATTLE.

BY EDNA WISE (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

THERE was great excitement, one fine
summer day, on the planet of Mars.
The King's palace was in an uproar.
And well it might be, for the Lord
High Astronomer had just rushed head-
long into the throne-room, crying as
he came: "Oh, your Majesty! twelve
great air-ships have just been seen putting out from
Jupiter! Battle-ships, your Majesty, battle-ships!"

What a flurry there was, to be sure! Even the King,
who was very, very cross at being wakened in the middle
of his morning nap, finally put on his crown and,
grumbling all the while, went out to see that the Imperial



"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY RICHARD M. HUNT, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

Troopers, who were rushing about the courtyard in a
very frightened and bewildered state, got into proper
order. The Queen became so very excited that she lost
her gold embroidery-scissors, and could n't find them
again. This made her very cross, and as she was
already badly frightened, her maids were very glad
when she finally fled to her room, and, getting under
her bed, waited tremblingly for the first shot to be
fired. The Lord High Astronomer and several other
dignitaries were hanging out of the highest tower in
breathless interest, for the air-ships were headed di-
rectly for Mars, and were moving at the rate of one
thousand miles a minute. Every one was looking very
pale and scared, and watched every movement of the
ships with fear and trembling.

Nearer and nearer came the great air-ships, and every-
one held his breath and waited until—

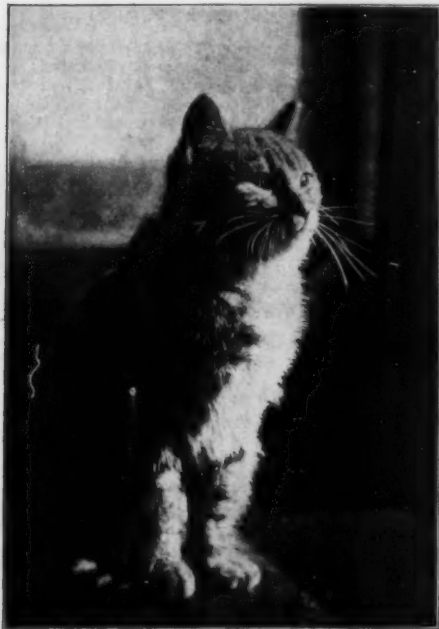
"Eureka!" shouted the Lord High Astronomer.
"They are going by. They're not stopping here
at all!"

At this everybody took a long breath. The King,
still grumbling and growling, went back to finish his
interrupted nap. The Queen, having first peeped
out of the door to see that all was safe, came down
from her room, found her embroidery-scissors, and
went on with her embroidery. The Imperial Troopers
tried to look disappointed, but they positively could n't
help looking relieved instead. Everybody went back to
his or her work, and the Lord High Astronomer slowly
put up his telescope preparatory to looking at the Earth.

IN THE MEADOW.

BY MARGUERITE STUART (AGE 15).

SUMMER mists were all around,
Dewdrops sparkled on the ground;
Through the grass the south wind blew,
Where the nodding wild flowers grew.
Rippling, laughing, flowed the brook,
Waking birds their nests forsook,
Sunbeams bright lay over all,
When we reached the meadow wall.

"PEACE." BY LAWRENCE V. SHERIDAN, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"PARTRIDGES." BY LUCILLE SLEDGE CAMPBELL, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

Violets perfumed the air,
Bumblebees droned ev'ry-
where;
Made for dreaming seemed
that day,
And in silence passed away.
Apple-blossoms drifted down
On our heads, a dainty crown;
In the meadow, ev'rywhere,
Peace and gladness filled the
air.

Soon the sunset lit the sky;
Down the lane the cows went
by.

Western breezes whispered
low

In the shadows wav'ring so.

On the scene the moonlight lay
When we sought our homeward way.
Though the day is now long past,
Always will the mem'ry last.

A BATTLE.

BY HOWARD R. CLAPP (AGE 9).

ONE day little Robert and his sister Alice were going down the lawn to feed the poultry. "Alice," said Robert, "you feed the ducks this morning, and I'll feed the chickens." So Alice went to feed the ducks and Robert fed the other fowl. When Alice was nearly through feeding the ducks she heard Robert shouting for her to come over where he was. She ran over to him as fast as she could, and when she got there she saw that he was watching two roosters fighting over a piece of corn. They seemed in real earnest, for they were using their spurs and beaks vigorously. One rooster had the piece of corn in his beak and the other one was trying to get

it out. At last both of them rolled over, one on top of the other. This made Robert and Alice laugh a great deal, for they had never seen a fight like that before in their lives. The two roosters grew more and more fierce as the time passed, and by and by one of them dropped the piece of corn; they paid no attention to this, though, but kept on fighting. The piece of corn did not stay on the ground very long, though, for another fowl came along and gobbled it up; so when the roosters stopped fighting they could not find it. The roosters did more harm than you would think, for, in her hurry to get to Robert, Alice had left open the door to the place where the ducks were kept, and now the ducks were all over the yard. Robert and Alice had a very hard time catching them, too.

MEADOW FRAGRANCE.

BY EMILY R. BURT (AGE 15).

THE clover 's in the meadow,
The violet 's in the dell,
But what is this spring fra-
grance,
This aromatic smell?

I've thought of all the flowers
That in the springtime live,
But none of those I've
thought of
Could such a perfume give.

The meadow 's green with
grasses,
The bluet dots the ground,
The golden cowslip 's glowing
From all the swamps
around.

But whence this spicy odor?
I know not where to look!
But wait—look here: the
odor 's from

The spearmint by the brook.



"SQUIRREL." BY PHILIP S. ORDWAY, AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")



"AN ANIMAL FRIEND." BY KATHARINE THOMPSON, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)



"PEACE." BY EDWARD W. RICE, AGE 14.

A BATTLE.

BY STUART GRIFFIN (AGE 12).

It was February, in the year 1830, when my grandfather, who was a pioneer of Michigan and lived in the northern part of that State, started with a neighbor whose name was Harlow for the village of Elmira, which was four miles distant.

They lingered in town for some time after buying some groceries and an ax, and then started their walk, about twilight, through the deep snow which was between them and home.

They had gone about two miles when they heard the howling of wolves behind them. This was sufficient warning for them to fly for shelter, which was no nearer than home. But when they had made the two miles one half-mile shorter, they saw that it was useless to run, and prepared for a struggle, my grandfather armed with his ax and Harlow with a hickory club.

The wolves, made desperate with hunger, for it was almost impossible for them to find food then, made an immediate attack.

The beast that led the pack made a spring on Harlow, grabbed him by the leg, and would have torn him had not my grandfather leveled the beast to the ground.

Then the rest of the pack tore their fallen comrade into pieces and devoured him. This gave the men a chance to escape; but they had not gone far before they were overtaken.

The wolves, having tasted blood, were more ravenous than ever, and all jumped on their prey at once. This time they pulled Harlow to the ground, and he would have been torn into pieces, but my grandfather's trusty ax laid two of the wretches dead on the ground, and then he pulled his companion up. Awed by the way in which their comrades fell, the wolves retreated; but in a moment they renewed the attack with new vigor, while the men with nearly every blow laid some beast dead at their feet.

Just as they were beginning to lose their strength, and also their courage, their enemies began to steal away, each one dragging one of the slain wolves.

Neither of the men was hurt severely, and they reached home in safety.

They never found out how many wolves they had slain, for they all had been carried off and devoured.

MAY MEADOWS.

BY JESSICA BIDDLE (AGE 9).

BUTTERCUPS and daisies nodding to and fro,
Swaying so softly when balmy breezes blow.
Buttercups and daisies standing in a row,
Pray, won't ye tell what is it ye whisper low?

Brown thrush and swallow singing all the day,
Winging so wantonly across the meadow way,
Brown thrush and swallow warbling in May,
What are ye singing sweet—won't ye tell me, pray?

Babbling silver brooklet bounding o'er the grass,
Tinkling so musically as onward you pass,
Babbling silver brooklet stealing through the grass,
Won't ye tell your secret to a little lass?

Years have passed and now I know
The reason why the flowers grow,
The joy that makes the young birds sing,
And starts the brook's sweet murmuring:
'Tis merry May, who heralds gay the fullness
of the spring.



"PEACE." BY HENRY GEMSBY PHILLIPS, AGE 17.

"THE CABLE HAS COME."

BY ETHELINDA SCHAEFER (AGE 16).

It was a sultry afternoon. Dark clouds were chasing the sun to an early rest. A storm was pending, but the threatening aspect of the heavens did not disturb the waiting throngs gathered on the sand beach of Waikiki, or render them impatient—no, not even when frequent showers of pelting rain rushed down from the blue hills of Manoa and deluged them. The eyes of all were directed seaward, where, just beyond the white line of breakers, the cable-ship "Silvertown" rocked.

It was approaching nearer and nearer, the slim black line. Canoes filled with excited observers accompanied it on its way; the crowds on the shore shouted its welcome. The sea, golden in the light of the setting sun, laughed at the unwonted excitement, and the waves aided their new friend, the cable, on its progress shoreward. And steadily the snake-like object drew nearer to the beach.

At length the waiting crowds burst into cheers; the band began to play; and willing hands pulled the cable up the shore! The shouts echoed over the blue ocean to the cable-ship and beyond. The cable had come!

"We welcome thee, Pacific Cable, to Hawaii Nei!"

NOT QUITE A BATTLE.

BY HILDA BRAUN (AGE 16).

ACROSS some of his partly cleared land old Grandsire Morten was passing one evening. He had noticed how strangely his dogs were acting, when suddenly a panther sprang from the crackling branches of a tree. In some miraculous manner the old man escaped its clutches. The panther, after a battle with the dogs, escaped into the woods.

Upon reaching his home, Mr. Morten told his daughter and grandchildren of his narrow escape.

Several days later Mr. Morten's daughter was called to a sick neighbor's home. Before leaving, she told her children, who were all under eleven years, not to leave the yard.

The children played with their corn-cob dolls until they were tired, and then sat down under the trees to discuss their grandfather's adventure.

They had not conversed long when Silas changed the subject by abruptly saying: "Lucretia, did n't you hear something?"



"PEACE." BY W. CALDWELL WEBB, AGE 7.



"PEACE." BY STEPHEN ROYCE, AGE 13.



"WASHINGTON IRVING'S GRAVE." BY MICHAEL HEIDELBERGER, AGE 14.

"Listen! It's coming nearer," exclaimed Lucretia.

"It's that panther," gasped Silas; "let's run."

This suggestion was seconded by a swift motion toward the house; and no sooner had they crossed its friendly threshold than they began a systematic barricading; then it was deemed safer to crawl under the curtained bed.

Four children under a bed on a warm Octo-

ber afternoon was anything but pleasant; but this was one of the rare occasions when pleasure was not consulted.

At first only the noises made by the inmates of the barn-yard reached the strained ears of the listeners.

The youngest child began to cry, for she feared the panther might eat her pets. Her thoughts, however, were not occupied long in that direction, for just then a noise at the door made every one tremble with terror. Lucretia clapped her hands over her ears to drown the increasing noise.

"Lucretia," suddenly cried Silas, "that sounds like mother calling."

"So it does. You stay here until I go and see," said the little heroine, crawling from under the bed.

Fancy the mother's surprise when she entered the disorderly room and beheld her three youngest children crawling from the bed, and all because, as it was afterward discovered, Mrs. Squirrel skipped across the brown carpet of leaves to her neighbor's tree!

THE BATTLE BETWEEN WOLFE AND MONTCALM.

BY MARY G. BONNER (AGE 13).

DURING the reign of George II. a very important battle took place, which is decidedly worth telling.



"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY MARJORIE BETTS, AGE 13.

The English were very anxious to take Quebec, which was at that time held by the French, whom the English hated.

Wolfe was the most famous Englishman at that time, and the nation wanted him to undertake to capture Quebec, it being a point of great importance.

When Wolfe went to Canada to see how Quebec was situated, he found that it would be no easy task to take the city. He wrote home in despair, stating that the French leader Montcalm was a brave, kind, and skilful man, who would not fight a battle, but who took care to place his men where Wolfe could not pass by or attack them.

At last Wolfe made one desperate attempt.

Placing his men in boats, they rowed quietly up the dark river. As they rowed Wolfe repeated to his men some beautiful verses from a poem which had been written by Gray a few years before. One of the verses ended with the words, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." After Wolfe had said those lines he told his men that he would rather have been the author of that poem than to take Quebec.

When Wolfe and his men climbed the steep cliffs, which are so narrow that in some places two men cannot stand together, they reached the "Plains of Abraham," where the French were.

When the French saw the English coming they ran down into the city and told Montcalm.

Montcalm soon came out of the city and on to the Plains of Abraham with his army.

During the battle both of these brave warriors fell and died.

As Wolfe lay dying he heard one man say, "See! they run!" Wolfe roused himself to ask:

"Who run?"

When he heard that it was the enemy, he said:

"God be praised! I die in peace." These were his last words.

When Montcalm was dying he said:

"I thank God that I have not seen the surrender of Quebec."

A monument has been erected for these two brave commanders, each fighting for his own country.

THE MEADOWS OF YOUTH.

BY MABEL BROWN ELLIS (AGE 17).

Oh, the Meadows of Youth are passing fair,
And fresh and sweet is the springlike air,
With violets and daffydownillies;
And the cowslips shine like little suns there,
And the fairies peep forth everywhere
From the cups of the stately lilies.

Oh, Meadows of Youth, you are far away;
The glamor of sunrise has faded to-day.

We have strayed from the pathways olden,
And even the fairies are dead, they say,
And the fairy music is hushed for aye,
And gone are the Ages Golden.

But sometimes a little wandering breeze,
Sweet with spring and the breath of trees,
Into our hearts comes straying,

And we know that somewhere, beyond the seas,
Lie the Meadows of Youth, and
that over these
The Wind of Memory's playing.

THE GLORIES OF THE MEADOWS.

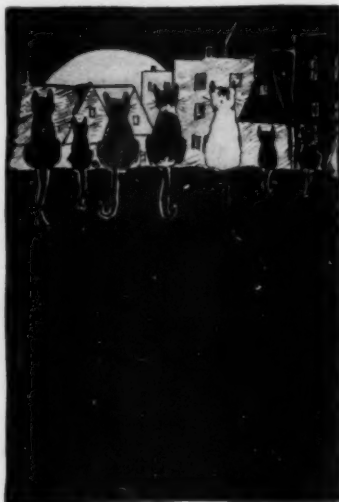
BY KATHARINE MONICA BURTON (AGE 12).

Oh, buttercups and daisies
And modest clover dear,
What should we do without
you

When summer-time is near?
For you make the meadows
sweeter

Than any garden bowers,
And you smell of grass and hay-
time,
You simple meadow flowers.

Oh, busy twittering sparrows
That flit along the hedge,
Chirping of eggs and nesting
And babies soon to fledge—
Oh, nation of small brownies,
You're prettier any day
Than parrots brightly plumaged
With yellow, red, and gray.



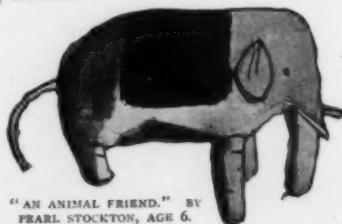
"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY MARGARET JENKINGS, AGE 13.

A HEART'S BATTLE.

BY DOROTHY MERCER (AGE 13).

"MOTHER wants you to stay home this afternoon
with Alfred, deary."

Ethel looked up from her book with a scowl on her
pretty forehead.



"AN ANIMAL FRIEND." BY PEARL STOCKTON, AGE 6.

"Why, I was going over to Jo's this afternoon and stay to supper, don't you remember?" Ethel asked.

"No, dear, I had forgotten; but won't you stay home just this time? I don't command you to, but won't you?" pleaded the mother.

"I just think that it's mean of you to ask me, when you know I am going out," Ethel answered.

"Very well, then; I will stay at home," mother said.

Ethel looked at her book, but somehow or other the story had lost its interest.

Suddenly she started and glanced around the room. There was no one in the room except herself, but certainly she had heard a little voice.

She sat still and listened. There were two voices, and they sounded as though they were quarreling.

"Go to Josephine's if you want to; your mother did n't say you could n't," said one voice.

"Yes, I know; but mother has so little pleasure that you ought not to be so selfish as to keep her home," said the other voice.

"Well, I don't care," said voice number one; "I'm going." And so they had it back and forth.

Mother was sitting in the nursery with baby Alfred on her lap, when the door opened and Ethel came in. When she saw her mother she gave a little cry and, running to her, buried her head in her lap.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "give me Alfred and go out. I want you to go."

"But if I go you can't go to Jo's."

"I don't want to go."

"But, deary, you did a little while ago."

"I know it; but after you went out I heard two little voices quarreling, and they made me so ashamed! I think they must have been fairies."

As mother kissed Ethel she did not tell her that it was her conscience quarreling with itself.

IN THE MEADOW.

BY OSCAR V. BROWN (AGE 13).

"I've been out in the meadow," said Charlie,
"I've been out having fun with the boys;
I'm glad I'm not like Billy Courtney,
Who has to stay in with his toys.

"I am sorry for poor Billy Courtney,
Who can't run and play out and swim,
So I'll gather some pebbles and flowers
And carry the meadow to him!"

LEAGUE NOTES.

EMMA L. RAFFELVE (age 13), 303 Union St., Flushing, L. I., wishes to exchange stamps. She has 600 foreign and domestic stamps.

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"ANIMAL FRIENDS."

BY ALICE JOSEPHINE GOBS,
AGE 16.

Yasulte Parnell (age 16), 97 Oakley St., London, S. W., England, desires to correspond with an American girl of her own age.

Bessie Brown and Florence Brown, Honesdale, Pa., would like to correspond with a girl about fifteen years of age.

Louis Edgar and Kate Swift, Honesdale, Pa., desire a correspondent about fifteen years of age.

Laura A. Stevens, of Boanetou, S. C., desires to exchange some Moot Saint Michel postal cards for Dutch ones.

Will Nina P. Skousens of Athens, Greece, please send her street address for publication? It is desired by many readers.

Eileen Skinner, of Escambia, Fla., desires to exchange Pensacola, Mobile, and New Orleans cards. Foreign countries preferred.

Ariana M. Belt (age 15), 1031 Cathedral St., Baltimore, Md., would like two or three girl correspondents of about her own age.

Ethel Kavin (age 13), 4426 Berkeley Ave., Chicago, Ill., would like to correspond with a girl of about her own age who lives either in southern Europe or in Japan.

Elsie F. Weil (age 13), 4395 Oakwald Ave., Chicago, Ill., would like to have a correspondent who lives either in Greece, Italy, or Spain.

Herbert Schroeder (age 15), 1023 Prouty Ave., Toledo, O., would like a correspondent in either Turkey, China, or Japan.

A. Gertrude Gordon, 1600 16th street, N. W., Washington, D. C., would like to exchange Washington postal cards for those of any city, foreign preferred.

Geoffrey W. Harris (age 13), 27 Marlborough Ave., Providence, R. I., would like to exchange stamps with some boy of his own age, and would also like to compare notes on curios and photography.

Cordner H. Smith, Washington, Ga., would like to exchange stamps and postal cards with any one in foreign lands.

W. McLean Snyder (age 11), of Snohomish, Wash., would like to correspond with some one in Florida about his own age.

Bertha D. Poole, of Croquet, Minn., would like to correspond with some girl, about fourteen years old, living in the East.

John P. Phillips, St. Davids, Pa., would like to exchange Philadelphia postal cards for those of any other city, foreign or domestic.

E. Kathleen Carrington, Riverhead, L. I., desires to correspond with a few League members.

Alicia Langford, 7 East 3d St., Jamestown, N. Y., desires one or two girl correspondents of about fourteen years of age.

If any League members or readers have the early volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, ranging anywhere from Vol. I. to XV., in good condition, and would like to dispose of them, either for cash or in exchange for later volumes, they may write to the editor of the League.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

GLEBELANDS, BOWDON, CHESHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you ever so much for the badge, which arrived when I was away at Lowestoft, where I spent part of my Christmas holidays. During my visit there was a storm, and a fishing-boat was blown on to the beach. The men were all saved. Lowestoft is a very cold and stormy place situated on the most easterly point of England. A promenade was built a few years ago, but the rough seas have demolished it, and are now taking part of the cliffs and some of the houses away. So you see little England is growing less.

Do you ever, in the summer, have competitions for sketching from nature? I am very fond of it, and hope to do a great deal next summer.

With thanks, your interested reader,

ELLA PATTINSON.

PERIA, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: The delightful news about my picture came on my birthday. I don't think I was ever so happy in my life. I am ashamed to think how long it has taken me to acknowledge the beautiful pin you sent. I wear it to the Brady Polychrome, and all the girls envy me the prominence the winning of this

price has brought me to, as you will see by the copy of the Peoria paper I send you, which gave me the first news of the most delightful event of my life. I look forward with hope that I may, by hard work, some time enjoy the pleasure of being included among the regular contributors to the ST. NICHOLAS

Gratefully,

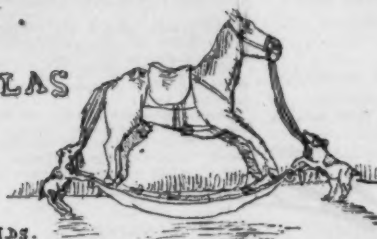
ALICE JOSEPHINE GOSS.

Other interesting letters have been received from Helen Ball, Kathleen E. Harrison, Margaret G. Church, Marjorie Porter, Paul R. Fernald, Mary L. Evans, Simon Cohen, Harold Hill, Lucile Ramon Byrne, Thomas G. Hanson, Jr., Esther Silsby, Helen Hopkins, Stella Weinstein, Wilmot S. Close, Nellie Allender, Ruth Brown, Dorothy Hardy Richardson, George T. Colman, John P. Phillips, Owen Dodson, Katie C. Lusk, and Henry Hitchcock.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

LIVE TO LEARN
AND ~~LEARN~~
LEARN TO LIVE.

ANIMAL FRIENDS.



BY ROBERT HAMMOND GIBSON, AGE 9.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.
No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Alaine Langford
Donald Ferguson
Mabel C. Stark
Linda G. McAllister
Maud Dudley Shackelford
Margaret Minaker
Emily W. Browne
Florence Ewing Wilkinson
Helen M. Almy
Isadore Douglas
Madge Falcon
Pierce E. Johnson
Doris Webb
Herbert S. Walsh
Helena Marco
Robert E. Dundon
Doris Franchlyn
Rose C. Goode
Saidee E. Kennedy
Eleanor S. Whipple
Harold R. Norris
Dorothea M. Dexter
Mary C. Tucker
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Eleanore Myers
A. Elizabeth Goldberg
Mildred Stanley Fleck

VERSE 2.

Edwina L. Pope
Hilda van Emster
Leigh Sowers
Pauline Grossenbacher
Harry A. Packard
Henry L. Walsh
Marie Margaret Kirkwood
Florence Hutchins Block
Katherine Kurz
Louis Ball
H. Wellington Gustin
Susie Franks Iden
Katherine Bastedo
Elsie Kimball Wells
Edith McLaughlin
Lawrence Grey Evans
Agnes Drainsfield
Katharine and Monica
Burrell
Ruth Brierley
Mary K. Turner
Marie J. Hapgood
Dorothy Nicoll

Millicent Pond
Helen B. Barclay
Arvine Kelly
Isabel McLaughlin
Julia Ford Fieberger
Camilla L. Haley
Dorothy Allen
Mary Blossom Bliss
Elizabeth Cocke
Alan D. Campbell
Harriet Van Zile
Eleanor P. Wheeler
Walter H. Wild
Arthur K. Hulme
Rowena H. Morse
Emelyn Ten Eyck
Margaret M. Sherwood
Elizabeth T. Hart
Robert Albin
Lois Gilbert Sutherland
Dorothy Lenroot
Elsie K. Russell
May Wenzel
Katharine R. Welles
Philip Francis Leslie
Mary Klauder
Phyllis Ridgely
Blanche Ribbe
Verna Mae Tyler
Winifred Hemming

PROSE 1.

Willis Nelson
Herrick H. Harwood
Joe McCune
Virginia Clark
Edith Minaker
Bernhard R. Naumburg
Alfreda Bell
John Griffith Maguire
Minnie Jongsward
Caroline M. Morton
R. E. Annin, Jr.
J. Donald Kenderdine
Ferdinand Schenck, Jr.
Alice M. Perkins
Mary R. Hull
Eleanor Wright
Louise Whitefield Bray
Philip D. Hulme
Elizabeth Babcock
Helen Jelliffe
Nannie C. Barr
F. F. Van de Water, Jr.

Harold Osborne
Everett Putney Combes
Dorothy R. Hayward
Bertha Moore
Avis Edgerton
Edward Anschutz
Frances Renee Despard

PROSE 2.

Pauline Coppée Duncan
Avis Ingalls
Annie Patton
Virginia McKenney
Rita Wanninger
Eleanor M. Barker
Jessie E. Wilcox
Amy L. Post
Alan Foley
Alberta Bastedo
Ariana McE. Belt
Ethel Berrian
Louis F. May
Lucy H. Chapman
Edgar Daniels
Stella Chamberlain
Annie Wagner
E. Kathleen Carrington
Bessie Stella Jones
Fred Hill
Robert Powell Cotter
Margaret Wynn Yancey
E. Marguerite Luce
Mildred Newman
Mary C. Demarest
Arnold W. Lahee
Charlotte A. Seeley
Cula Lutzke
Emily C. McCormick
Nelson Hill
Frances Cecelia Reed
Eva L. Pitts
Marguerite Massie
Elsie J. Stark
Ralph Balcom
Roy Sampson
Margaret Robertson
Elizabeth Parrish Jackson
Aileen S. Gargas
Mary Venia Wescott
Dolores de Arozarena
Ray Randall
Helen Coppée Duncan
Everett M. Gillis
Caroline Rogers

Sarah Jewett Robbins
Alexander T. Ormond
Martha Wascher
Lucile Delight Woodling
Leah Louise Stock
Laura Mead
Irvin C. Polcy
Helen A. Lee, Jr.
J. Hartwell Bennett
Anne Seymour Jones
Margaret Stone
Dorothy Cummin

Dorothy Doyle
Catharine M. Neale
Oswald Reich
Sophie Marks
Margaret A. Fisk
Ruth Bartlett
Bennie Hasselman
Marion Cheney
Beulah French
Ebel P. Hartley
Dorothy Dunning
Gerald Taylor

DRAWINGS 1.

May Lewis Close
Sidney Edward

Esther Howell
Milton See, Jr.
Mildred Gautier Rice
Henry Wickenden
Dorothy Ochtman
Greta Wetherill Kernan
Esther N. Brown
Jarvis Taft
Sara Homans
Gilbert P. Pond
Margaret Richardson
Blake H. Cooley
Harold Parr
Margaret Gordon Church
Wilhelmina Moloney
Willie Stockton
Marion Myers

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Florence R. T. Smith
Winifred Booker
Florence L. Kenway
Paul H. Frausnitz
Grace Morgan Jarvis
Michael Heidelberg
Charles J. Heidelberg
E. M. Hawthaway
Harold K. Kelly
John L. Hopper

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Norman Read
Wallace H. Dodge
Hilda C. Foster
Vita Sackville West
Pauline Swyny
Dorothy Stabler
J. Dunham Townsend
J. E. Fisher, Jr.
Margaret Delk
Joseph S. Webb
Sidney D. Gamble
Josephine W. Pitman
May Richardson
Warren D. Grand
Frank Brewer
Elizabeth Williams
Julian Theodore Hammond
John D. Matz
W. F. Harold Braun
Elizabeth Spies
Dorothy Carson
Margaret Taylor
Thad R. Goldsberry
T. Sam Parsons
Winifred F. Jones
Emily Storer
Earl E. Colvin
Francis Earle
Elizabeth Bishop Ballard
Howard L. Cross
Jane Barker Wheeler
Carl Dusenbury Matz
Francis Benedict

DRAWINGS 2.

Rose Stella Johnson
John Mitchell
Elizabeth R. Scott
Verna E. Clark
Aimee Vervalen
Joseph Mazzano
Mabel C. White
Dorothea Clapp
Edith G. Daggett
Virginia Lyman
Rodger Lloyd
Cordner H. Smith
Edwin C. Hamilton
Walter W. Hood
Eleanor Hinton
Sumner F. Larchar
Margaret McKoon
Clara Rose
Jerome J. Lilly
Elsie E. Seward
Jacob Riegel, Jr.
Tom Benton
Clyde Campbell
Esterdell Lewis
Ruth M. Waldo
Theodore Tafel, Jr.
Helen Clark Crane
Elinor Hoise
Laura Snodgrass
Margaret Sloan
Gertrude Emerson
Bessie Stokson
John Sinclair
Warren Ridgway Smith
Alice F. Einstein
Margaret A. Dolson
Louise F. Gleason
William Hazlett Upson
Mary St. Clair Breckon
Carleton Daniel
John Walter Dunn
John H. Parker

PUZZLES 1.

Roscoe Adams
Dorothy Fay
Walter J. Schloss
Elsie W. Dignan
Wilmot S. Close
Margaret Abbott
Carolus R. Webb
Edith Winslow
Donna J. Todd
Eaton Edwards
G. Garland Whitehead
William Ellis Keyser

PUZZLES 2.

Florence Hoyte
Miriam L. Ware
Alice D. Karr
Marjorie Stewart
W. N. Coupland
Annie Eales
Pearl E. Kellogg
Rufus Willard Putnam
Frederick D. Anderson
Dorothy Hills
Helen Andersen
William S. Weiss
Dollie Cunningham
Philip Stark

NOTICE.

It seems hardly necessary to call attention to the rule which requires that the contributor's address, age, etc., should be on the contribution itself, and not on a separate sheet; yet two prizes were lost this month because this rule was not observed and the slips upon which the addresses were written in some way became separated from the contributions. It is impossible for the editors to keep them together where the number received is so large as at present.

LEAGUE CHAPTERS.

A NUMBER of new chapters are reported for this month, and many have written in to tell of prosperity and increased membership. Our lack of room prevents our using many of the items. The following letter, however, is of general interest, as it will suggest entertainments for other chapters. We hope that the Sunshine Chapter will take part in the next entertainment competition.

ST. JOHN'S RECTORY, TROY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The Sunshine Chapter, No. 402, would like to let you know about a little masquerade party we had. There are about fourteen girls in our society, and each one of us brought a guest. The party was from three to six. We danced for about an hour, and then gifts were distributed. At five o'clock ice-cream and cake were served, and soon after we left for our homes, after having a very delightful afternoon.

We would also like to tell you about a bazaar we held last spring for the benefit of the Fresh Air Fund. We made \$200. Most of our members have lost their badges during the summer. Could we have about ten more?

Yours sincerely,

ETHEL R. FREEMAN.

Chapters 342, 343, 505, 540, 615 and others report increase of membership. It would be an excellent plan to form chapters, and to consolidate those already formed now, before the close of school, as much interesting chapter work, especially in the nature-study field, may be begun through May and June, and continued during vacation. Please bear in mind that new chapters may have their badges sent in one envelope, postage free.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 650. "Jolly Doreen." Katherine Collins, President; St. Clair Russell, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Olive St., Saranac Lake, N. Y.

No. 651. "Violet." Greta Gyer, President; Bertha Feather, Secretary; four members. Address, Richfield Spa, N. Y.

No. 652. Ruth Manchester, President; Gladys Manchester, Secretary; five members. Address, 171 Spencer St., Winsted, Conn.

No. 653. Edith Brown, President; M. Brown, Secretary; five members. Address, 347 Flower Ave., Hardwood, Pa.

No. 654. Frank Campbell, President; Walter Wild, Secretary; thirty-two members. Address, 4341 Penn St., Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 655. "Merry Quartet." Mildred Betts, President; Nancy Moore, Secretary; four members. Address, 1401 Gilpin Ave., Wilmington, Del. "We are very anxious to do something for the magazine, as we all love it very much."

No. 656. Ruth Miller, President; Marguerite Stoner, Secretary; fifteen members. Address, Miss Agnes Carpenter, 416 4th St., Des Moines, Iowa. "The children are enthusiastic over the work."

No. 657. "Adam and Eve." Scott Sterling, President; Roscoe Adams, Secretary; two members. Address, Lock-box 215, Jennings, Okla. Ter.

No. 658. "Happy Four." Hilda Wilkie, President; Eleanor Wilkie, Secretary; four members. Address, Middletown, Del.

No. 659. "Sun Flower." Louise Gleason, President; Edna Binswanger, Secretary; four members. Address, 275 N. 24th St., Portland, Ore.

No. 660. Nathaniel Thayer, President; Marjorie Scott, Secretary; four members. Address, 12 Pleasant St., Westfield, Mass.

No. 661. "Pumpkins." Bessie Jones, President; Hilda Pethick, Secretary; five members. Address, 63 Elizabeth St., Wilkes Barre, Pa.

No. 662. Miss A. L. Dern, President and Secretary; nineteen members. Address, Church Home School, 58th St. and Baltimore Ave., West Philadelphia.

No. 633. "St. N. Y. C. C." Lillian McKay, President; Lucile Byrne, Secretary; three members. Address, 11A N. H. St., Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.

PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 44.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A Special Cash Prize. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 44 will close May 30 (for foreign members May 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for August.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title, "A Dream of the Sea."

Prose. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title to contain the word "Attic" or "Garret." May be humorous or serious.

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "May-time."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Sketch from Nature" and "A Heading for August."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.



"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY HENRY KIEFER, AGE 12.

BOOKS AND READING.

SIMPLICITY OF STYLE. You may have noticed in your games that some girls and boys talk very loud and yet say very little of importance, while others in a quieter way talk better sense. At first the louder talkers claim your attention and drown the voices of others. But as you learn the characters of your playmates, you find out what is to be expected from each, and then you listen with most care to those whose opinions you have found to be best worth hearing.

It is the same with books. Some authors tell you their views in so extravagant a manner that you are likely to set too high a value upon their sayings, while other writers use so simple a style that you do not appreciate the importance of their words. Bacon and Helps are examples of the second class. They use the plainest words, but each is chosen with the utmost care, and the thoughts are far bigger than the words that carry them to the reader. Some scientific writers are examples of the first class. When translated into plain, every-day English, some thoughts that seemed profound become the merest commonplaces. "An instrument of percussion is of undoubted utility in the rehabilitation of agricultural implements" really means little more than "a hammer is good for mending farm-tools"; and yet the first sentence sounds really impressive, the second is seen at once to be merely commonplace.

"FATHER TIME'S FORELOCK." I SUPPOSE most of you young students know the old gentleman with the scythe who is called Father Time, and also are aware that he arranges his hair—the little he has still preserved from his own ravages—in a peculiar style, with a long lock upon the forehead. This lock is supposed to be peculiarly convenient for the hand of the punctual girl and boy. But perhaps you never considered that this forelock is an excellent thing to grasp when you mean to read the books you "mean to read." Thoreau, as a recent magazine writer reminds us, says: "Read the best books first, or you may not have a chance to read them at all." This

warning may seem to you exaggerated caution. "Absurd!" you say. "Why, if I live, I shall have years in which to read Sir Walter Scott. I can read him any time!" And meanwhile you give up a few hours to play, a few more to foolish books, a few to those delightful games of golf, ping-pong, and the weeks glide away. Meanwhile Father Time is plodding along with his forelock dangling, and you forget that he is n't ever going to stop in order to let you catch up. Father Time is a very steady-going old gentleman who never yet missed an appointment, and—well, if you are going to read Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Bacon, Milton, Coleridge, Tennyson, Bunyan, and Homer and Virgil, and so on, I should advise you to take a firm hold upon that dangling lock of hair Father Time has so kindly provided for our use. It won't hurt him, and it will help you more than you know.

THE RUSKIN ESSAYS. THE awarding of the prizes for the best articles on Ruskin proved to be exceedingly difficult. One or two that were set aside as probably prize-winners proved, on a second examination, to contain more than the three hundred words allowed by the terms of the competition. (See the February number.) Many were well written and faultless, but also meritless; they had no particular strength or originality. In this department the prizes are awarded primarily for literary qualities, including in that phrase the only thing that makes good literature worth while, that is, *thought*. Any child of fair education can by the use of a few reference-books find out the facts about the life of a man so distinguished as Ruskin; but more than the facts is wanted. The desirable quality in an essay on Ruskin is something that will make the reader understand the great power and influence the man's writing carried to his readers. Many believe Ruskin was often in error, but some who differ with him most also revere and love him most. As a body the essays lacked force—they were colorless. If the subject had been "White Mice" or "Gilt Gingerbread," the

young writers would have shown much the same cheerful indifference. Still, some of the essays were exceedingly good. The prize awards follow:

STARR HANFORD LLOYD, Angelica, N. Y.
SIDNEY F. KIMBALL, Dorchester, Mass.
EMMA DUNDON, New Albany, Ind.

But the judges decided that there were three other essays deserving more than honorable mention, and so have awarded three more subscriptions to the following:

DONALD W. CAMPBELL, Wellsboro, Pa.
CARL T. THOMPSON, Fitchburg, Mass.

(each of whom is only ten years old), and to

MARJORIE BETTS, London, Ontario, Canada, who wrote an excellent essay, though one that opposed the popular estimate of Ruskin. We print one of the prize essays:

JOHN RUSKIN.

BY STARR HANFORD LLOYD (AGE 15).

JOHN RUSKIN, born in February, 1819 (two weeks before Lowell), was the only son of a rich London merchant. His bringing up was of the stern Puritan kind. While still a youth he composed creditably and showed marked artistic tastes.

After graduating from Oxford in 1842, he traveled abroad, devoting his time and fortune to the study of art and especially landscape-painting. In this field he considered Turner supreme.

From a small beginning in 1843 grew his great work "Modern Painters," in which he pleaded most earnestly for *truth* in art—scrupulous fidelity to nature in all particulars. He contended that art in medieval Italy was more natural and beautiful than that of the Renaissance, and founded the school of Pre-Raphaelitism.

Among his other works, "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "The Stones of Venice" attracted wide attention. These volumes he illustrated himself. His lectures, also, made art popular.

He was a *master* of pure and forceful English. He wrote on poetry, mythology, and sociology, besides art. Young persons should read, in that literary gem "Sesame and Lilies," his counsel on the reading of books.

Like Carlyle, he deplored the state of modern society. He spent vast sums in fostering his rather peculiar economic views; for in all things he was true to his ideals. Ruskin regarded political economy as the science of producing not merely wealth but also good men and women.

He urged purity and sincerity in life, as in art. He

was a deeply religious and a very benevolent man—*one fond of children.*

His declining years were quietly spent at delightful "Brantwood," in the picturesque hill country of England, where he died in 1900.

Lofly in character and purpose, Ruskin did a noble work in his generation, standing for truth, whether in art or in humanity.

THE PRIZE TOPIC MAY, as has been remarked by many poets, little and big, is the month of flowers. So for this month we will think a little about the flower world. Let us, therefore, have for the current month the topic, "A Storied Flower." But in order that we shall not have merely a school composition on the subject (for "compositions" are not desired here), let us consider what is wanted. The three prizes—books to the value of \$3.00, \$2.00, and \$1.00, or three subscriptions to ST. NICHOLAS, as the winners may prefer, will be awarded for the best three articles by writers under eighteen, telling what some beautiful flower suggests. Plenty of flowers are mentioned in history and in literature. Look them up in the books, and write about what you find. Think of the English roses, the Scotch thistle, violets, primroses, arbutus, daisies. Find out what poets tell you of them, and give us a *literary*, not botanical, account.

If, however, this subject does not please you, you may take instead "At Sea in the 'May-flower.'" Write not more than three hundred words, and mail your work so as to reach this office on or before May 25, 1903. Address "Books and Reading," ST. NICHOLAS Magazine, Union Square, New York City.

READING WITH THE EYES SHUT. How many of you read with your eyes shut? I think I hear a grand chorus of girls and boys laughing, as they reply: "You can't read with your eyes shut!" Nevertheless that is what many of you do at times. You have your eyelids open, to be sure, but somewhere between the seeing eye and the understanding brain there is a door closed tight. You see the letters and the words, but you do not read them. Being ready to turn the page, you find you don't remember anything it said. This is no way to read—or to think. In Dog-Latin, "*Do-ere one-o thing at a time-ibus.*"

THE LETTER-BOX.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF ARCHÆOLOGY,
ATHENS, GREECE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write and tell you about two trips I have just been on, here in Greece. The first one was to Thessaly; and though I have lived in Greece for over ten years, I had never been here before. We went to Volos by boat, and stopped at Chalcis on the way, where we watched the tide which changes so mysteriously. From Volos we went to Larissa, where we spent two nights. One day we drove to the Vale of Tempe, and how fresh and green everything looked compared to stony Attica! And from where we were, we could look right across to Chalcidice, violet in the distance. Mount Olympus was splendid that day. And then, the view from the monasteries at the other end of Thessaly, where we went the next day, was beautiful; we could look right down into the broad bed of the Peneius, and we could just get a glimpse of Mount Olympus from St. Stephanos monastery, where we spent a night. When we came back to Volos, we went up Mount Pelion with mules, and the view we had from the top was the best of all. We could see Mount Olympus and Parnassus, besides a fine view of the bay of Volos, and all the islands round about. And then what else do you think we saw? Well, we saw Mount Athos rising out of the clouds. We did n't expect to see it, for it is quite far off, being on the farthest of the three arms of Chalcidice stretching out to sea. The view of the Pindus range is worth mentioning, too. I shall never forget this trip.

The second trip was to Argolis; but if I tell all about it in detail this letter will be too long to be printed, so I will only state the most important things. We went to Mycenæ, Epidaurus, Argos, and to Tiryns, the oldest city known of in Europe. At Mycenæ we ate in the so-called "Treasury of Atreus," as it was raining. The thing that impressed me the most was the enormous lintel, which, being in one piece, measures between thirty-four and thirty-five feet in length, and about seventeen feet in width. The "Gate of the Lions" was splendid, too, and the theater at Epidaurus. I could write pages about all I have seen here in Greece. It is a beautiful country, and I shall feel very sorry to leave it, even though I am anxious to get back to America. I have been taking you for only a few months, and enjoy you so much.

I have lived here ever since I was five years old. I am now fifteen.

Your interested reader,
DOROTHY HARDY RICHARDSON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are going to have a play for St. Mary's Hospital in Easter week. It is the little play that came out in the February number. All the members of our club are going to partake of it. We meet every week, and the dues are five cents.

Your interested reader,

MARGARET C. RICHEY.

P.S. Our president has resigned, so we vote for a new one.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. I can hardly wait for you to come. I go to school at the Institute. I live in Knoxville, Tennessee, on Fort Saunders, where one of the great battles was fought in the war between the North and South. I am a little Southern girl, but my best friends are two little Northern girls, who

live next door, and I like them very much, and I share my St. NICHOLAS with them.

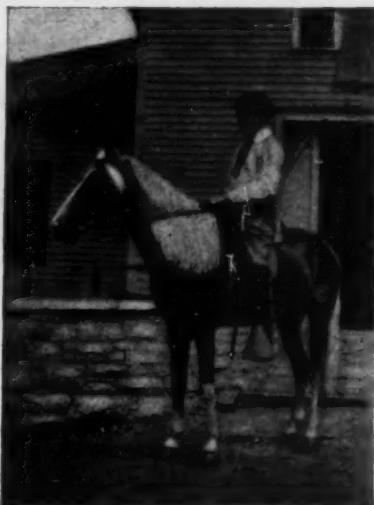
Your loving friend,

EUGENIA CALDWELL (age 8).

ROSLYN, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live at Roslyn now. I have a little chestnut pony with a very white mane and tail named "Ponce." I named him that because he came from Ponce, Porto Rico.

Last summer I rode him in the Lenox Horse Show, and he took the blue ribbon in a class of eight. Here is a picture of him.



PONY "PONCE."

I remain faithfully yours,

FRED GODWIN.

FORT TREMONT, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old. My father is an army officer. I have been taking your magazine since Christmas, and like it very much. I have a real bugle, and I practise on it, and I am going to learn all the calls. There are no boys in the post, but I am going to Fort Smith, Arkansas, soon, to stay with my grandfather, and I will have a fine time.

Your loving reader,

WILLIAM M. CRAVENS, JR.

Interesting letters were also received from Adrian Fletcher, Calvin Wells Griggs, Dorothy Blackader, Marcella Dalgleish, Nadine Waller, Ivy Varian Walshe, Pauline Schaeffer, H. Mabel Sawyer, Dorothy L. Smith, Hester M. Conklin, Mary Mallon, Robert M. Driver, Gertrude V. P. Moran, Kenneth B. Hay, and Hilto S. Pedley.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Acre. 2. Clay. 3. Rake. 4. Eyes.

A CONCEALED POET. Initials, The Bells; finals, Edgar Poe.
1. The-y. 2. Hid-e. 3. Egg-s. 4. Boa-t. 5. Ear-n. 6. Lop-e.
7. Leo-n. 8. Sue-t.

ZIGZAG. April Fools' Day. 1. African. 2. Apparel. 3. Strange.
4. Uncivil. 5. Triplet. 6. Belief. 7. Orinoco. 8. Dungeon.
9. Popular. 10. Harshly. 11. Induced. 12. Nations. 13. Younger.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Wordsworth. 1. Towel. 2. Crow. 3. Carol. 4. Caddy. 5. Masks. 6. Mower. 7. Ghost. 8. Horse. 9. Latch. 10. Other.

DIAGONAL. EMBROID. 1. Example. 2. Smarter. 3. Stencil. 4. Roaring. 5. Benison. 6. Mention. 7. Mansion.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAG. From 1 to 9, Amesbury; 3

10 4. Whittier. 1. Allow. 2. Moths. 3. Ennui. 4. Spite. 5. Blunt. 6. Unil. 7. Rogue. 8. Yearn.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"T is the noon of the springtime, yet never a bird
On the wind-shaken elm or the maple is heard.

NOVEL DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 9, Easter; 3 to 4, lilies.
1. Effect. 2. Dainty. 3. Listen. 4. Pretty. 5. Leader. 6. Pillar. 7. Follow. 8. Divide. 9. Regret. 10. Bounds.

A CAT-AND-DOG PUZZLE. 1. Catamount. 2. Dogfish. 3. Catastrophe. 4. Dogma. 5. Cathin. 6. Dog-star. 7. Catalogue. 8. Dogwood.

DIAMOND. 1. S. 2. Beg. 3. Seven. 4. Gem. 5. N.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from S. L. and B.—Joe Car-lada—M. McG.—Paul F. Shoutal—Adeline Wiss—Edward McKey Very—Albi and Adi—Marie J. Knobel—Daniel Milton Miller—"The Four Puzzlers"—Mildred Lee Dawson—Willamette Partridge—Doris Hackbusch—Clara J. McKenney—Robert Porter Crow—Mollie G.—"Johnny Bear"—Mary Chisholm—W. S. Weiss—Amelia S. Ferguson—Janet P. Avery—Louise Hammond—E. H. G. Havre—Elizabeth T. Harned—"Chuck"—Courtland Kelsey—Allen West—Stella Weinstein—John W. Fisher, Jr.—Alice Taylor Huyler—Osmond Kessler Fraenkel—Ernest H. Watson—Alice C. Martin—Hannah T. Thompson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from J. Moore, 1—Nanna Rearden, 2—C. McGrew, 1—A. G. Gordon, 1—Lucile Gass, 2—A. G. Fisk, 1—K. Nichols, 1—Florence Guida Steel, 5—A. T. Larkins, 1—H. E. Werner, 1—J. Mason, 1—J. B. De Motte, Jr., 1—Louise B. Sloss, 4—Dorothy Fisk, 2—W. H. Warren, 1—"Two Torontonians," 3—R. Young, 1—E. Underwood, 1—Coma R. Alford, 2—W. Morton, 1—Margaret C. Wilby, 6—L. Legge, 1—Dean F. Ruggles, 4—"Gen," 3—Marie Blucher, 4—No name, Orange, 5—E. Cellarius, 1—L. Kulson, 1—J. Koonz, 1—Julia M. Addison, 2—L. M. Haines, 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals each name a military school in the United States.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A missile weapon. 2. A nook. 3. Grammatical terms. 4. On every side. 5. Fat. 6. A town of Tioga County. 7. The French name for a day of the week. 8. A town in Herkimer County. 9. To begin.

HOWARD RUMSEY (League Member).

SUBTRACTIONS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. From a fierce fighting dog take three letters, and leave an animal that becomes furious at the sight of anything red.

2. From a dog used in duck-hunting take four letters, and leave a German watering-place.

3. From a dog that has rescued many travelers in the Alps take ten letters, and leave a little preposition.

4. From a fierce dog mentioned in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" take five letters, and leave a vital fluid.

5. From a watch-dog take five letters, and leave a conjunction.

6. From Bob, Son of Battle, take three letters, and leave a falsehood.

7. From a wild dog of India take one letter, and leave an opening.

8. From a black-and-tan take four letters, and leave to make a mistake.

When the eight little words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the final letters will spell the name of a man who loved dogs well.

MARGERY QUIGLEY.

NOVEL DIAGONAL.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1
2	3
.	4	5	.	.	.
.	.	6	7	.	.
.	.	.	8	9	.
.	.	.	.	10	11
.	12

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To pour out. 2. An enigma. 3. To value. 4. Anything taken and preserved as a memorial of victory. 5. Deadly. 6. Undisturbed. 7. The decisive moment.

From 1 to 12, a great Greek comedian.

MARIE BLUCHER.

ZIGZAG.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter, will spell an annual holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Hangings. 2. The god of eloquence. 3. A place where things are made. 4. A feminine name. 5. Comes back. 6. In place of. 7. Idea. 8. Applause. 9. Grieves. 10. Attractive. 11. Insanity. 12. Fathers and mothers. 13. Longed.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN.

DIVIDED WORDS.



ALL the objects pictured may be described by words of four letters. Take the first two letters of the first picture and then the second two of the next picture. These four letters will describe the third picture.

Designed by
LAWRENCE H. RIGGS (League Member).

ZIGZAG.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been doubly beheaded and doubly curtailed, the remaining words will contain a zigzag. By beginning at the upper left-hand corner, a May holiday may be spelled out.

1. Doubly behead and curtail without courage, and leave middle.
2. Doubly behead and curtail pertaining to comets, and leave to encounter.
3. Doubly behead and curtail relating to Turkey, and leave a masculine nickname.
4. Doubly behead and curtail a gland near the ear, and leave to decay.

5. Doubly behead and curtail a pattern of excellence, and leave a shred.

6. Doubly behead and curtail prudent, and leave lighted.

7. Doubly behead and curtail a mooring-place, and leave an old piece of Anglo-Saxon money.

8. Doubly behead and curtail a place where coal is dug, and leave a fermented drink.

9. Doubly behead and curtail ardor, and leave a cave.

10. Doubly behead and curtail punishment for sins, and leave a feminine nickname.

11. Doubly behead and curtail put off, and leave a song.

OLIVE S. BRUSH.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

1. The house-dog found, 1-2-3-4-5-6 up in his kennel, a 1-2-3 which had been 4-5-6 there by the comfort to be seen within.

2. With an 1-2-3-4-5-6 feeling of compassion, I went 1-2 to the hospital 3-4-5-6 reserved for the blind.

3. Resolved not to 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 any of the rules, the student practised on his 1-2-3-4 and then 5-6-7 his dinner.

4. Until he should 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 in his behavior, the 1-2-3 was not allowed to 4-5-6-7 about the grounds.

WILMOT S. CLOSE (League Member).

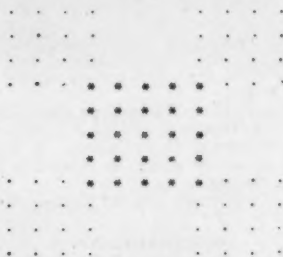
DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of a tune often sung by large gatherings.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Old. 2. Very large. 3. Merciful. 4. A kind of small cucumber much used for pickles. 5. Brigands. 6. To beat severely. 7. A character in "Ivanhoe."

HELEN BIGELOW (League Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Low. 2. A Biblical name. 3. To exchange for money. 4. A feminine name.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A quadruped. 2. Comfort. 3. Questions. 4. Repose.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A flower. 2. The coast. 3. The entire amount. 4. To rub out. 5. To let again.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A luminous body. 2. Part of a fork. 3. A feminine name. 4. To raise.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A journey. 2. To be borne in a carriage. 3. A thought. 4. A fruit.

ARNOLD POST (League Member).



"THE CHILDREN CROWDED AROUND TO SEE THE DOG."
(*"The School-room Dog,"* page 676.)